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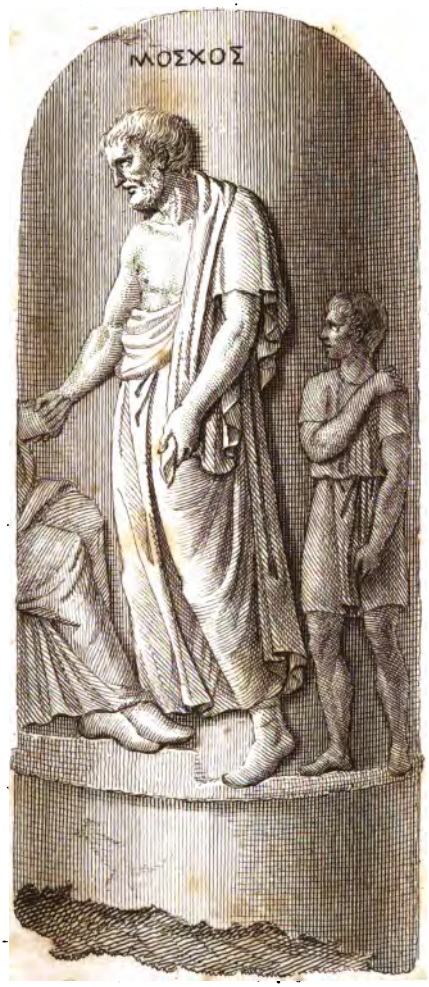

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POETICAL TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE

ANCIENTS.

By GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.

Posthabui tamen illorum mea seria ludo:---VIRGIL.

But those, who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.---POPE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THOMAS PAYNE, AT THE MEWS-GATE; AND
BENJAMIN AND JOHN WHITE, IN FLEET-STREET.

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THE author of these slight performances abjures all pretensions to genius for original poetry, feeling himself utterly destitute of that inventive faculty, which characterizes the true bard of Nature; and, though he agrees with *Horace*, in thinking *mediocrity* in this art an intolerable evil, he is of opinion, that some abatement from this rigorous decision may be conceded in behalf of *translation* from the ancients; as those unacquainted with the *Greek* and *Roman* languages may not be displeased to view the sentiments of great authors even in a garb of inferiour embellishment.

The specimens, here diffidently offered to the public judgement, will be found, he believes, tolerably faithful to their models, unless in those passages, where detestable obscenity required concealment, or too much dissonance with modern manners would have rendered a literal exhibition of his author uninteresting, or unintelligible. In several instances he has expatiated into paraphrase; when the naked idea of the writer would have appeared harsh, unpoetical, or disgusting in our language; when the subject seemed to allow some additional ornament and diffusion; or when his own hatred of vice dipt in venom the shaft of satire. For these deviations, he throws himself on the candour of his reader; conscious

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of a heart untinctured by all malignity to the persons of mankind, and claiming to himself an unreserved avowal of his own sentiments on every subject of intellectual discussion, without which he should cease to be himself.

His late occupation, in the revisal of *Pope's Homer*, has led him to a more particular observation of the imperfection of *rhyme* even in our correctest poets; and he thinks himself able to assert, without any violation of truth, that he here presents (and especially in the translation of *Juvenal*, very lately executed, with what celerity he is afraid to mention) the most unexceptionable specimens of poetry, with respect to the purity of it's *rhymes*, in the *English* language, to the best of his knowledge and observation.

One precaution he must subjoin in justice to himself. The resemblances, that may be found to the translations of former artists, are wholly accidental; as the following pieces were faithfully executed without any obligation, of which he is conscious, to their labours.

Some apparent singularities in the formations of the *verbs* will not escape the notice, and, perhaps, the censure of the reader: but the translator believes them strictly analogical, and such as will be uniformly adopted, when our language has attained that stability of construction and accuracy of grammatical inflexion, so lamentably wanting to the compositions of our countrymen.

Hackney, Feb. 22, 1795.

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THE

TENTH SATIRE

OF

JUVENAL.

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Dî faciles: nocitura toga, nocitura petuntur
Militia: torrens dicendi copia multis
Et ſua mortifera eſt facundia: viribus ille
Confiſus periit, admirandisque lacertis.
Sed plures nimia congeſta pecunia cura
Strangulat, & cuncta exſuperans patrimonia cenſus,
Quanto delphinis balena Britannica major.
Temporibus diris igitur, juſſuque Neronis,
Longinum, & magnos Senecæ prædivitis hortos
Clauſit, & egregias Lateranorum obſidet ædes
Tota cohors: rarus venit in cœnacula miles.
Pauca licet portes argenti vaſcula puri,
Nocte iter ingreſſus, gladium contumque timebis,
Et motæ ad lunam trepidabis arundinis umbram:
Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.

How few, thro' this wide ſcene of erring care,
True bliſs diſtinguiſh from the flattering ſnare;
That cloud diſpell'd, which maddening paſſion flings,
Dark and illuſive, o'er the face of things!

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Man's varying vows now War, now Peace employs:
His conqueſts ruin, and *her* eaſe deſtroys.
Some rue th' endowments of exalted ſenſe,
Whelm'd in the tide of their own eloquence.†
The bulk and arm Herculean dies at length
In the proud confidence of matchleſs ſtrength.‡
Each paſsion teems with death; but luſt of gain
Sees thouſands, daily, and ten thouſands ſlain.
Inſatiate Avarice knows no mean to keep,
Nor reſts, 'till peerleſs towers it's mountain-heap;
'Till the pil'd ſtores o'er rival cheſts prevail,
As yields the Dolphin to the polar Whale.
Hence, the dire days of Nero's tyrant-reign
Saw the proud manſion and the rich domain
To ruffian ſoldiers' lawleſs fangs a prey:
Safe in his garret the Plebeian lay.
If but one ſilver vaſe thy carriage load,
When Night's black mantle ſhrouds the lonely road,
A club, a ſword, thy ſtartling ſoul will deem
The tall reed quivering to the lunar beam.
With thieves beſet, the beggar trills his note,
Nor ſees th' aſſaſsin-dagger at his throat.

† The Satyriſt alludes particularly to *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero*; on whoſe examples he deſcants expreſsly below.

‡ Referring to *Milo* of *Croton* in *Italy*; whoſe ſtory may be found in *Pauſanias*, *Pliny*, *Ovid*, and all the fabuliſts of claſſical antiquity.

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Prima fere vota, & cunctis notiſſima templis,
Divitiæ ut creſcant, ut opes ut maxima toto
Noſtra ſit arca foro: ſed nulla aconita bibuntur
Fictilibus; tunc illa time, cum pocula ſumes
Gemmata, & lato Setinum ardebit in auro.
Jamne igitur laudas, quod de ſapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties a limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem, flebat contrarius alter?
Sed facilis cuivis rigidi cenſura cachinni:
Mirandum eſt unde ille oculis ſuffecerit humor.
Perpetuo riſu pulmonem agitare ſolebat
Democritus, quanquam non eſſent urbibus illis
Prætexta, & trabeæ, faſces, lectica, tribunal.
Quid ſi vidiſſet prætorem in curribus altis
Extantem, & medio ſublimem in pulvere circi,
In tunica Jovis, & pictæ farrana ferentem
Ex humeris aulæa togæ, magnæque coronæ
Tantum orbem, quanto cervix non ſufficit ulla?
Quippe tenet ſudans hanc publicus, & (ſibi conſul
Ne placeat) curru ſervus portatur eodem.

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« Ye Gods! to ſwell my riches be your care!"
This, in each temple, forms the general prayer.
« High in the Forum raiſe my ſpacious cheſt,
« In proud pre-eminence above the reſt!"
Yet draughts innoxious glad th' uncoſtly ware:
No drugs diffuſe the lurking venom there.
But poiſons dread, if gems thy cup infold,
And nectar'd juices ſluſh the mantling gold.
Such frantic wiſhes ſhall we juſtlier deem
For tears, or laughter, a perpetual theme?
Grave Heraclitus wail'd, Abdera's ſage*
Inceſſant ſcoff'd, the follies of his age.
To grin were eaſy: whence could tears ſupply
The daily cravings of the weeper's eye?
Thoſe lungs with everlaſting laughter play'd,
When no fond vanities were yet ſurvey'd,
Such as in Rome provoke the ſtupid ſtare,
The Faſces, robes, couch, throne, and conſul-chair.
What? had he ſeen in his triumphal car
Our prætor, pompous with the ſpoils of war,
In beaming raiment of ætherial Jove,
Thro' rolling duſt in proud proceſſion move;
High from his ſhoulders trail'd the purple gown,
Rais'd o'er his head that ample orb of crown,
A ſweating load!---the ſlave, ordain'd to ride
In the ſame car, to check the warriour's pride?

* *Democritus.*

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Da nunc & volucrem, ſceptro quæ ſurgit eburno:
Illinc cornicines, hinc præcedentia longi
Agminis officia, & niveos ad fræna Quirites,
Defoſſa in loculis quos ſportula fecit amicos.
Tunc quoque materiam riſus invenit ad omnes
Occurſus hominum: cujus prudentia monſtrat
Summos poſſe viros, & magna exempla daturos,
Vervecum in patria, craſſoque ſub aëre naſci.
Ridebat curas, necnon & gaudia vulgi,
Interdum & lachrymas; cum Fortunæ ipſe minaci
Mandaret laqueum, mediumque oſtenderet unguem.
Ergo ſupervacua hæc, aut pernicioſa petuntur,
Propter quæ fas eſt genua incerare Deorum.
Quoſdam præcipitat ſubjecta potentia magnæ
Invidiæ; mergit longa atque inſignis honorum
Pagina: deſcendunt ſtatuæ, reſtemque ſequuntur:

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See, ſtately perching on that ivory rod,
The bird majeſtic of the Thunderer-God!
Here ſtalks of trumpeters a ſplendid row!
There white-rob'd marſhals in long order go!
Mean mercenary tribes! by paltry pay
Hir'd to the toilſome drudgeries of the day.
The ſage, unknown theſe fooleries, ſubjects found
For endleſs laughter his whole country round.
Hence, all the virtues of exalted Mind,
Virtues, that bleſs and dignify mankind,
This ſon of Wiſdom proves, may live and die
The damps inhaling of a hazy ſky.†
Dar'd his great ſoul all vulgar cares deride,
All vulgar joys; and Fortune's frown defied:
The beams of Pleaſure and the guſts of Pain
Aſſail'd alike his guarded breaſt in vain.
Theſe bleſsings then, ſo fondly begg'd of Heaven,
Are uſeleſs all, or detrimental, given.
Ambition loves the dizzied wretch to throw
From Power's full zenith to the gulph below.
Some in the tide of Anceſtry are drown'd:
Their titled buſts‡ in fragments ſtrew the ground.

† *Boeotia*, which was ſtigmatized for it's foggy atmoſphere and the dulneſs of it's inhabitants: not only was *Democritus*, however, an exception to their general character, but *Heſiod*, *Pindar*, and *Epaminondas*; who were all *Boeotians*.

‡ Compare the beginning of our author's *eighth Satire*.

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Ipſas deinde rotas bigarum impacta ſecuris
Cædit, & immeritis franguntur crura caballis.
Jam ſtrident ignes, jam follibus atque caminis
Ardet adoratum populo caput, & crepat ingens
Sejanus: deinde ex facie toto orbe ſecunda
Fiunt urceoli, pelves, ſartago, patellæ.
Pone domi lauros, duc in Capitolia magnum
Cretatumque bovem; Sejanus ducitur unco
Spectandus. Gaudent omnes: quæ labra! quis illi
Vultus erat! nunquam, ſi quid mihi credis, amavi
Hunc hominem: ſed quo cecidit ſub crimine; quiſnam
Delator? quibus indiciis, quo teſte probavit?
Nil horum: verboſa & grandis epiſtola venit
A Capreis. Bene habet, nil plus interrogo: ſed quid
Turba Remi? ſequitur fortunam ut ſemper, & odit
Damnatos. Idem populus, ſi Nurtia Tuſco
Faviſſet, ſi oppreſſa foret ſecura ſenectus

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See, ſad reverſe! the car of triumph broke;
Nor 'ſcape it's guiltleſs ſteeds th' unſparing ſtroke.
The furnace rages: loud the bellows roar:
Sinks loſt Sejanus to primæval ore,
The world's joint Lord! Each ignominious vaſe
The features furniſh of that honour'd face.
Let laurels wreathe thy dome; in pomp be driven
His milk-white victim to the king of Heaven.
See, by the hook Sejanus dragg'd along,
The ſcoff and inſult of the ſportive throng.*
" Myſelf ne'er lov'd the man! Were ever ſeen
" Such hideous features, and ſo foul a mien?
" What crime his fall, what bold accuſer, ſped,
" And pull'd down vengeance on that caitiff head?"
Not ſo: this inſtant, in the ſovereign-name,
From Capreæ's† rock the pompous mandate came.
" 'Tis well: obedient ſubjects aſk no more.
" But what ſays Rome to one ſo lov'd before?"
Still follow Fortune that capricious crew,
Still hate th' unbleſs'd: to Greatneſs only true.
That Rome, if Fate had view'd with fav'ring eye
This wreck of Power, and bid Tiberius die,

* I have here fallen on a couplet, that reſembles *Dryden*'s.

Sejanus with a rope is dragg'd along,
The ſport and laughter of the giddy throng.

† A rocky island on the coaſt of *Campania*, where *Tiberius* reſided.

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Principis, hac ipſa Sejanum diceret hora
Auguſtum. Jam pridem, ex quo ſuffragia nulli
Vendimus, effudit curas: nam qui dabat olim
Imperium, faſces, legiones, omnia, nunc ſe
Continet, atque duas tantum res anxius optat,
Panem & Circenſes. Perituros audio multos.
Nil dubium, magna eſt fornacula: pallidulus mî
Brutidius meus ad Martis ſuit obvius aram.
Quam timeo victus ne pœnas exigat Ajax,
Ut male defenſus! curramus præcipites, &
Dum jacet in ripa calcemus Cæſaris hoſtem.
Sed videant ſervi, ne quis neget, & pavidum in jus
Cervice aſtricta dominum trahat. Hi ſermones
Tunc de Sejano, ſecreta hæc murmura vulgi.

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Would hail with equal zeal th' auſpicious day,
And robe Sejanus in imperial ſway.
Our votes and bribery gone, no cares moleſt
The fix'd ſtagnation of a Roman breaſt.
That people, late the fountain of command,
Whoſe eagles flew o'er every ſea and land,
Their wants, their wiſhes, two ſmall words encloſe;
Their whole ambition now, but *bread* and *ſhows*.
Nor falls the fav'rite only: towering pride,
Like a huge ruin, ſpreads it's havoc wide.
When ſanguine rage burns black in tyrant-ſouls,
Round ſtill and round the conflagration rolls.
" I ſaw, with cheek all pale and hagard eye,
" My lov'd Brutidius to yon altar fly.
" We, too ſupine, the vengeful ſword may feel:
" Our frantic Ajax claims officious zeal.
" Haſte! e'er the carcaſe to the gulph is thrown,*
" To Cæſar's foe be ſome rude inſult ſhewn.
" But all-conſpicuous muſt that inſult be,
" That ſlaves, and ſpies, and ſycophants may ſee.
" The judge, the laws on tame ſpectators wait:
" Their iron graſp will drag the wretch to Fate."
Thus of Sejanus man diſcours'd to man:
The whiſpering murmur thro' the vulgar ran.
Such love, alas! the wrecks of grandeur find!
Such the free gratitude of baſe mankind!

* The culprit was caſt from the *Gemonian* ſtairs into the river *Tiber*.

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Visne ſalutari ſicut Sejanus? habere

Tantundem? atque illi ſellas donare curules?

Illum exercitibus præponere? tutor haberi

Principis, anguſta Caprearum in rupe ſedentis

Cum grege Chaldæo? vis certa pila, cohortes,

Egregios equites, & caſtra domeſtica? quid ni

Hæc cupias? &, Qui nolunt occidere quenquam,

Poſſe volunt. Sed quæ præclara, & proſpera tanti,

Ut rebus lætis par ſit menſura malorum?

Hujus qui trahitur prætextam ſumere mavis,

An Fidenarum Gabiorumque eſſe poteſtas,

Et de menſura jus dicere; vaſa minora

Frangere, pannoſus vacuis ædilis Ulubris?

Ergo quid optandum foret, ignoraſſe fateris

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At Greatneſs now does thy fond ſoul aſpire?
Titles, like his, and wealth, and power deſire?
Power, that gives one the curule chair to fill;
That yields vaſt armies to another's will:
That awes the world with dictatorial ſway,
While conjuring *Cæſar trifles life away.
Sure that were bliſs, whole legions to command,
Our cohorts, knights, and proud prætorian band!
Though, ſoft and kind! a fellow's blood to ſpill
Our ſoul abhor, it loves the power to kill.
But the ſcant joys how vain, that Youth may find,
If woes alas! in myriads, lurk behind;
If the gay path, that winds the flowery mead,
To trackleſs wilds and tangled thickets lead;
If gleams of ſunſhine gild our morning way,
But gloom terrific cloſe the chequer'd day!
Which wouldſt thou? ſay; Sejanus' purple gown,
Or bailiff's rags, of ſome deſerted town:
There ſtalk, in inſolence of office, round;
And daſh the fraudful meaſure to the ground?
'Tis granted then: that luckleſs fav'rite err'd,
When the vain prayer for Grandeur was preferr'd.
In adding wealth to wealth, and power to power,
He built but platforms to Deſtruction's tower:

* *Tiberius* was much addicted to *Aſtrology* and *Divination*, and was conſtantly ſurrounded by numerous profeſſors of thoſe arts.

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Sejanum: nam qui nimios optabat honores
Et nimias poſcebat opes, numeroſa parabat
Excelſæ turris tabulata, unde altior eſſet
Caſus, & impulſæ præceps immane ruinæ.
Quid Craſſos, quid Pompeios evertit, et illum
Ad ſua qui domitos deduxit flagra Quirites?
Summus nempe locus nulla non arte petitus,
Magnaque numinibus vota exaudita malignis.
Ad generum Cereris ſine cæde & ſanguine pauci
Deſcendunt reges, & ſicca morte tyranni.
Eloquium ac famam Demoſthenis, aut Ciceronis
Incipit optare, & totis quinquatribus optat,
Quiſquis adhuc uno partam colit aſſe Minervam;
Quem ſequitur cuſtos anguſtæ vernula capſæ.
Eloquio ſed uterque perit orator: utrunque
Largus & exundans letho dedit ingenii fons.
Ingenio manus eſt & cervix cæſa, nec unquam
Sanguine cauſidici maduerunt roſtra puſilli.

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From ſtage to ſtage the giddy victim roſe,
To plunge ſtill deeper in th' abyſs of woes.
Whence, Craſſus! Pompey! whence, thy fatal day;
And his,* who rein'd proud Rome with lordly ſway?
Whence, but from power? power uncontroul'd? purſu'd
With every art of fond ſolicitude.
Whence, but from ſwelling pray'rs and fervent ſighs
Heard in malignant kindneſs by the ſkies?
Few kings, unmurder'd, croſs the Stygian flood;
Few tyrants fall, in robes unſtain'd with blood.†
The liſping boy, that ſpells for weekly pence,
Breathes earneſt vows for fame and eloquence:
Nor leſs contents his wiſhes, than to ſhine
Like Rome's‡ proud ornament; or, Athens! thine.§
Yet both to dire deſtruction ſwept along
The deep impetuous torrent of the tongue.
Hence mangled limbs, the gaze of horror, ſtood:
The *Roſtra* ſtains no puny pleader's blood.‖

* *Julius Cæſar.*

† Or thus:

Few kings, ungor'd by wounds, reſign their breath
To the free ſummons of ſpontaneous death.

‡ *Cicero.*

§ *Demoſthenes.*

‖ The *hands* and *head* of *Cicero* were placed by *Anthony*'s orders in the pleading place.

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O fortunatam natam me consule Romam!

Antoni gladios potuit contemnere, si sic

Omnia dixisset. Ridenda poemata malo,

Quam te conspicuae divina Philippica famae,

Volveris a prima quae proxima. Saevus & illum

Exitus eripuit, quem mirabantur Athenae

Torrentem, & pleni moderantem frena theatri.

Dis ille adversis genitus, fatoque siniſtro,

Quem pater ardentis massae fuligine lippus

A carbone, & forcipibus, gladiosque parantis

Incude, & luteo Vulcano ad rhetora misit.

Bellorum exuviae, truncis affixa trophaeis

Lorica, & fracta de casside buccula pendens,

Et curtum temone jugum, victaeque triremis

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" O! Rome, thrice happy in thy conſul's worth!
" Born, by my guardian care, to ſecond birth!" *
For lines thus innocent, what fear to feel
The black triumvir's unrelenting ſteel?
The vileſt poetaſter's vileſt proſe
Beats all the fame thy great Philippic † knows.

Nor to perdition leſs unhappy came
The peerleſs glory of th' Athenian name: ‡
That tongue of thunder, whoſe reſiſtleſs ſway
Made rivals dumb, and factious crouds obey.
Him adverſe Gods and Fate's malignant ire
Sent from the forge, the pincers, and the fire,
From all his ſooty blear-ey'd father's tools,
To con the lore of rhetorician ſchools.

The blood-ſtain'd trophies of the martial field,
The fractur'd breaſt-plate, and the batter'd ſhield,
With mangled remnants of the ſhatter'd car,
And fluttering enſigns of the naval war;

* *Juvenal*'s intention here has been, in my opinion, very grofsly miſtaken. He has made choice, no doubt, of a wretched verſe; but intended no diſparagement to *Cicero*'s poetry, in general, which is exceedingly good for that time and *Cicero*'s age. It is plain *Virgil* thought ſo, from the uſe he has frequently made of it. The *Satiriſt* means only to ſay, that if he had confined himſelf to innocent ſubjects of this nature, without interfering with great and public characters, he might have continued ſafe amidſt the tumults and proſcriptions of his country.

† *Cicero*'s *ſecond* Philippic Oration.

‡ *Demoſthenes*; whoſe father was a *blackſmith*.

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Apluſtre, & ſummo triſtis captivus in arcu,
Humanis majora bonis creduntur: ad hæc ſe
Romanus, Graiuſque, ac barbarus induperator
Erexit: cauſas diſcriminis, atque laboris
Inde habuit. Tanto major famæ ſitis eſt, quam
Virtutis. Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipſam
Præmia ſi tollas? at patriam tamen obruit olim
Gloria paucorum, & laudis, titulique cupido
Hæſuri ſaxis cinerum cuſtodibus, ad quæ
Diſcutienda valent ſterilis mala robora ficus:
Quandoquidem data ſunt ipſis quoque fata ſepulchris.
Expende Annibalem: quot libras in duce ſummo
Invenies? hic eſt, quem non capit Africa, Mauro
Perfuſa Oceano, Niloque admota tepenti:
Rurſus ad Æthiopum populos alioſque elephantos;

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While rais'd conſpicuous on triumphal ſtone
In ſculptur'd ſorrow proſtrate captives groan;
This, the prime bleſſing, that to man impart
Th' indulgent gods! this fills up all the heart!
With ardent aſpect and with ſtraining eyes,
The warriour-ſtripling views the glorious prize.
Thro' danger's labyrinths, thro' toil and pain,
This, Greeks, Barbarians, Romans, ſtrove to gain.
Alas! who thirſt for Virtue, as for Fame?
Virtue unpenſion'd is an empty name!
Nor ſhudders wild Ambition, for this meed,
To ſee his agonizing country bleed.
This tranſient meed, of names and titles vain
On ſtoried ſtones, that mouldering duſt contain!
Stones, that to Time, all-conqu'ring, owe their date:
For monuments, like men, muſt yield to Fate.
Weigh now great Hannibal, and all his fame!*
Few grains th' amount of that enormous name.
Him not the ſpace contains, where Ocean roars
With laſhing ſurge on Mauritanian ſhores,
To where warm Nile with ample pride diſplays
His floating boſom to Aurora's rays.
Not the ſwart Æthiop his bold arm withſtands,
With all his elephants and all his ſands.

* *Mr. Owen* gives a pleaſing turn to this paſſage:

In the juſt ſcale put *Hannibal*---ah! ſee
How light this duſt!---and yet this duſt is he.

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Additur imperiis Hiſpania. Pyrenæum

Tranſilit: oppoſuit natura Alpemque nivemque;

Diduxit ſcopulos, & montem rupit aceto.

Jam tenet Italiam; tamen ultra pergere tendit.

Actum, inquit, nihil eſt, niſi Pœno milite portas

Frangimus, & media vexillum pono Suburra.

O qualis facies, & quali digna tabella,

Cum Getula ducem portaret bellua luſcum!

Exitus ergo quis eſt? o gloria! vincitur idem

Nempe, & in exilium præceps fugit, atque ibi magnus

Mirandunsque cliens ſedet ad prætoria regis,

Donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno.

Finem animæ, quæ res humanas miſcuit olim,

Non gladii, non ſaxa dabant, non tela; ſed ille

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Spain ſinks appall'd; the Pyrenæan mound
Saw o'er its clouds the panting warriour bound.
See ſtartled Nature all her powers oppoſe!
Her heaven-built cliffs and everlaſting ſnows:
E'en Alpine terrors croſs his courſe in vain;
Burſts the ſtrong barrier of the mountain-chain!
New ſcenes of rapture in fair proſpect riſe;
And all Italia greets his ardent eyes.
She falls. Still Conqueſt robs his ſoul of reſt:
An aching void ſtill rankles in his breaſt.
" 'Tis naught, 'till Rome's proud gates in fragments lie,
" And Punic ſtandards in the Forum fly!"
Grand ſight! on which ſome painter might deſcant!
Our one-ey'd chief aſtride his elephant!
Say, Glory! did his day unclouded cloſe?
It dawn'd in triumphs, but it ſet in woes.*
See, ſad reverſe! the vanquiſh'd victor wait
A trembling ſuppliant at a ſtranger's gate:
There, at the dawn, with gazing clients bring
His duteous greetings to Bithynia's king.
That life, which empires in confuſion hurl'd,
And pour'd War's tempeſt o'er the quaking world,
It's date receiv'd, not from th' embattled foe,
No ſpear, no falchion, gave the mighty blow;

* Or thus:

If Triumph dazzled in the noon of day,
Did Glory's beam illume his ſetting ray?

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Cannarum vindex, ac tanti ſanguinis ultor
Annulus. I demens, & ſævas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas, & declamatio fias.
Unus Pelleo juveni non ſufficit orbis;
Æſtuat infelix anguſto limite mundi,
Ut Gyaræ clauſus ſcopulis parvaque Seripho.
Cum tamen a figulis munitam intraverit urbem.
Sarcophago contentus erit. MORS ſola fatetur,
Quantula ſint hominum corpuſcula. Creditur olim
Velificatus Athos, & quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in hiſtoria; conſtratum claſſibus iiſdem,
Suppoſitumque rotis ſolidum mare; credimus altos
Defeciſſe amnes, epotaque flumina Medo
Prandente, & madidis cantat quæ Soſtratus alis.
Ille tamen qualis rediit Salamine relicta,
In Corum atque Eurum ſolitus fævire flagellis,
Barbarus, Æolio nunquam hoc in carcere paſſos,
Ipſum compedibus qui vinxerat Ennoſigæum?

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A ring, th' avenger of his myriads ſlain,
Sooth'd the ſad ghoſts on Cannæ's weltering plain!
Go, ſcale yon Alps, tremendous conqueror! go;
Brave the loud blaſt, and tread th' eternal ſnow:
Then claim the meed of mad Ambition's dream,
A hacknied hero of the ſchool-boy's theme!
The ſpacious globe's circumf'rence but confin'd
The wide excurſions of young Ammon's mind.
As pent in ſome ſtraight cliff of ambient ſea,
He pants, he chafes, he ſtruggles to be free.
But ſoon this lord of earth a narrower room
Contents, the ſcanty priſon of a tomb.
Impartial death unplumes his towering fame!
A crumbling duſt is all that mighty frame.
If the bold Chroniclers of Greece ſay true,
Ships in full trim thro' cavern'd Athos flew:
Ships, that gave cars o'er ocean-gulphs to ride,
And ſpurn the ſurges of th' indignant tide.
As hoſts, in ſwarms unnumber'd, poſted by,
Deſpairing Rivers ſaw their channels dry:
The monſtrous fictions tumid rhymſter's ſing,
When maudlin juices oil their bouſy wing!
But ſay, from Salamis' deſtructive day,
How potent Xerxes meaſur'd back his way?
That Perſian god! whoſe phrenzy dar'd to bind
Neptune's wild wave, and ſcourge the rebel Wind:
The Wind, poor god! leſs tyranniz'd, when pent
In his own cave, and fuming for a vent.

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Mitius id ſane, quod non & ſtigmate dignum

Credidit. Huic quiſquam vellet ſervire Deorum!

Sed qualis rediit? nempe una nave, cruentis

Fluctibus, ac tarda per denſa cadavera prora.

Has toties optata exegit gloria pœnas.

Da ſpatium vitæ, multos da, Juppiter, annos:

Hoc recto vultu, ſolum hoc & pallidus optas.

Sed quam continuis, & quantis longa ſenectus

Plena malis? deforme, & tetrum ante omnia vultum,

Diſſimilemque ſui; deformem pro cute pellem,

Pendenteſque genas, & tales aſpice rugas,

Quales, umbriferos ubi pandit Tabraca ſaltus,

In vetula ſcalpit jam mater ſimia bucca.

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Sure each bright habitant of heaven's high bower
Would pay prompt homage to the ſovereign power
Of this mild Ruler, who forebore to grave
Some laſting ſtigma on the yielding wave!
Yet ſay, what pomp of martial convoy bore
This haughty monarch to his native ſhore?
One ſkiff! ſcarce ſtruggling thro' the foamy tide,
With corſes choak'd, and vital crimſon dy'd.
Such the bleſt comfort wars and triumphs yield!
Such the glad harveſt reap'd in Glory's field!

" Give, gracious Jove! my circling days to run
" Through the wide ſphere of many an annual ſun!"
This, only this, with throbbing hearts we ſeek,
When health illumes, or ſickneſs pales, the cheek.
But Woe's black train, through ſolitude and gloom,
Conduct the lingering ſenior to his tomb.
See, form and freſhneſs from the viſage flown,
The wretch eſtrang'd by features not his own.
Drop'd the ſhrunk ſkin; while Time's unwearied plough
Drives thick and deep the furrows on his brow.
In Afric wilds no ſcar-ſeam'd grandame Ape,
Such face of leather ſhews, ſuch hideous ſhape.*

* I am indebted here to *Dryden:*

Such wrinkles, as a ſkilful hand would draw
For an old *grandam* ape, when, with a grace,
She ſits at ſquat, and ſcrubs her *leathern* face.

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Plurima ſunt juvenum diſcrimina: pulchrior ille
Hoc, atque ille alio: multum hic robuſtior illo:
Una ſenum facies; cum voce trementia labra,
Et jam læve caput, madidique infantia naſi.
Frangendus miſero gingiva panis inermi;
Uſque adeo gravis uxori, natisque, ſibique,
Ut captatori moveat faſtidia Coſſo.
Non eadem vini atque cibi, torpente palato,
Gaudia: nam dudum guſtus perit. Aſpice partis
Nunc damnum alterius: nam quæ cantante voluptas,
Sit licet eximius citharœdus, ſitve Seleucus,
Et quibus aurata mos eſt fulgere lacerna?
Quid refert, magni ſedeat qua parte theatri,
Qui vix cornicines exaudiat, atque tubarum
Concentus? clamore opus eſt, ut ſentiat auris
Quem dicat veniſſe puer, quot nuntiet horas.
Præterea minimus gelido jam corpore ſanguis
Febre calet ſola: circumſilit, agmine facto,
Morborum omne genus; quorum ſi nomina quæras,

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Youth every note of character ſupplies;
In ſtrength, or beauty, the diſtinction lies:
Through age, one blank, but clear, deſcription goes!
Scalp hairleſs, tottering joints, and drivelling noſe!
His mumbling jaws, their ivory fence no more!
Chew o'er the growing cruſt, and chew it o'er.
Not his fond wife the loathful ſight can bear:
A riſing nauſea checks his cringing heir.
No ſavory dainties his dull palate move:
Wines of rich flavour flat and taſteleſs prove.
One trace of love not Memory's ſelf retains,
The ſalient tide long frozen in his veins!
Nor theſe ills only life protracted knows,
Fraught with a ſad variety of woes.
No ſtream of muſic, deep and ſtrong and clear,
Winds through the mazes of th' obſtructed ear.
To him but ſeems the impaſſion'd actor's rage
A ſtalking ſtaring ſtatue on the ſtage.
Scarce, when loud clarions roll their thunder round,
His palſied organs feel the thrilling ſound:
Scarce can announce the throat's exerted power
A ſtranger ent'ring and the paſſing hour.
Through the laps'd veins in lazy current flows
The blood's thin ſtream; nor, but with fever, glows.
Diſeaſe! thy ſquadrons, pour'd in thick array,
Fell and impetuous, ſeize their helpleſs prey.
Aſk you their names? as ſoon the names were given
Of thoſe bleſs'd ſouls, kind doctors ſend to heaven:

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Promptius expediam, quot amaverit Hippia moechos,
Quot Themiſon agros autumno occiderit uno,
Quot Baſilus ſocios, quot circumſcripſerit Hirrus
Pupillos; citius, quot villas poſſideat nunc
Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba ſonabat.
Ille humero, hic lumbis, hic coxa debilis; ambos
Perdidit ille oculos, & luſcis invidet: hujus
Pallida labra cibum capiunt digitis alienis.
Ipſe ad conſpectum cœnæ diducere rictum
Suetus, hiat tantum, ceu pullus hirundinis, ad quem
Ore volat pleno mater jejuna, ſed omni
Membrorum damno major dementia, quæ nec
Nomina ſervorum, nec vultum agnoſcit amici.
Cum quo præterea cœnavit nocte, nec illos,
Quos genuit, quos eduxit: nam codice ſævo
Hæredes vetat eſſe ſuos: bona tota feruntur
Ad Phialen, multis in fornice quæ ſtetit annis.
Ut vigeant ſenſus animi, ducenda tamen ſunt
Funera natorum, rogus aſpiciendus amatæ
Conjugis, & fratris, plenæque ſororibus urnæ.

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Or aſk, what ſeats, what lands, what thouſands clear,
He owns, my barber once, but now a PEER:
What millions from their bleeding country ſteal
Our patriot guardians of the public weal:
What countleſs ſums the ſcoundrel Lawyer draws
From the gull'd client with his harpy claws:
Nay aſk, by leagues of ruffian-tyrants ſlain,
What ſons of Freedom ſwell th' enſanguin'd plain.*
This, crippled limbs, this mourns extinguiſh'd ſight,
Doom'd to black horrors and eternal night!
Whoſe watering grinders once, before him laid
The lickeriſh meal, with briſk attrition play'd;
Now, a hoar infant! his pale lips expands
To ſuck the morſel from his feeder's hands:
Stretch his lank jaws, as gapes the ſwallow-brood,
When the pin'd mother brings their morning food.
But, worſe than carcaſe maim'd and ſightleſs eyes,
The jaded mind it's batter'd cottage flies.
Sad wreck! all memory, all perception, flown:
His wife an alien, and his child unknown.
But grant each ſenſe unmarr'd, each limb compleat;
Grant Reaſon fills her intellectual ſeat;
E'er Night's dark curtain ſhroud his lengthen'd day,
What trailing funerals blacken all the way!
Now a fond daughter ſinks with faded charms;
Now a lov'd wife extends her dying arms:

* N. B. This translation was executed in the year 1794.

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Hæc dat pœna diu viventibus, ut renovata
Semper clade domus, multis in luctibus, inque
Perpetuo mœrore, & nigra veſte ſeneſcant.
Rex Pylius (magno ſi quicquam credis Homero)
Exemplum vitæ fuit a cornice ſecundæ:
Felix nimirum, qui tot per ſecula mortem
Diſtulit, atque ſuos jam dextra computat annos,
Quique novum toties muſtum bibit. Oro, parumper
Attendas, quantum de legibus ipſe queratur
Fatorum, & nimio de ſtamine, cum videt acris
Antilochi barbam ardentem: nam quærit ab omni
Quiſquis adeſt ſocio, cur hæc in tempora duret?
Quod facinus dignum tam longo admiſerit ævo?
Hæc eadem Peleus, raptum cum luget Achillem:
Atque alius, cui fas Ithacum lugere natantem.

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Loſt all his kindred! ſcarce the vault contains
Of brethren, ſiſters, ſire, the ſhrunk remains.
Theſe are the penalties of years on years;
Woe's ſable garb unchang'd, and ever-ſtreaming tears!
The Raven only, truth if Homer ſing,
Rounds the wide circuit of the Pylian king.*
Three generations now the ſage had ſeen;
His wiſdom mellow'd, and his vigour green.
O! mortal, bleſs'd beyond a mortal's fate,
Thus Death to baffle, and prolong his date!
How Spring on Spring reviv'd his drooping ſoul!
What numerous Autumns ſparkled in his bowl!
But ſtop, and hear, this happy king complain
Of life's unſever'd thread, and Fates implor'd in vain:
Curſe his harſh fortune, while his ſon expires;†
A fair flower ſhrivelling on the funeral fires!
To each fond friend, that meets his faded eye,
He moans the ſad indulgence of the ſky.
"What heinous crimes," the wretch entreats to know,
"Provoke this vengeance, and ſuſpend the blow?"
Nor leſs thy ſire, Achilles! wail'd thy doom,
Diſpatch'd untimely to the Stygian gloom.
Nor leſs, for loſt Ulyſſes, ſighs and tears
Exhauſt Laërtes in the vale of years.

* *Neſtor.*

† *Antilochus.*---Or thus:

Curſe cruel Fortune, while the funeral blaze
On his dear ſon's full-blooming honours preys.

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Incolumi Troja Priamus veniſſet ad umbras,
Aſſaraci magnis ſolennibus: Hectore funus
Portante, ac reliquis fratrum cervicibus, inter
Iliadum lachrymas, ut primos edere planctus
Caſſandra inciperet, ſciſſaque Polyxena palla:
Si foret extinctus diverſo tempore, quo non
Cœperat audaces Paris ædificare carinas.
Longa dies igitur quid contulit? omnia vidit
Everſa, & flammis Aſiam ferroque cadentem.
Tunc miles tremulus poſita tulit arma tiara,
Et ruit ante aram ſummi Jovis, ut vetulus bos,
Qui domini cultris tenue & miſerabile collum
Præbet, ab ingrato jam faſtiditus aratro.
Exitus ille utcunque hominis: ſed torva canino

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His Troy ſecure, the pomp of funeral woe
Had convoy'd Priam to the realms below;
Hector, lov'd youth! had wail'd his father dead,
And tribes of ſons the long proceſſion led;
His daughters tun'd * the ſorrows of the crowd,
With robes all rent, and lamentations loud,
Whilſt the fair Trojans with reſponſive moan
Caught the ſhrill ſhriek, and eccho'd groan for groan;
If, e'er th' adulterous veſſel brav'd the main,
Kind Death had ſnatch'd him to his tranquil reign.
Hear then what comforts gild his cloſe of day?
Proud Aſia's fields to ruthleſs foes a prey;
His realm in blood and deſolation lies,
And one vaſt blaze ſends Ilium to the ſkies.
See, for the gorgeous robe and crown of gold,
Unwieldy arms his tottering limbs infold:
See, at Jove's ſhrine the victim-monarch ſtand,
And helpleſs wait the ſacrificer's hand:
As ſome poor ox, abandon'd and forlorn,
A meagre phantom, by long labour worn,
Uſeleſs and old, ebbs out the dregs of life,
That tinge, and only tinge, his lord's remorſeleſs knife.
Still bleſs'd, with all his ſorrows, that he died:
Fate twin'd new woes for his ſurviving bride;

* It was the practice for one to begin the dirge with a muſical melancholy ſtrain, and the reſt to follow in a general chorus: ſee the note in my commentary on *St. Matthew*, chap. xi. verſ. 16.

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Latravit rictu, quæ poſt hunc vixerat, uxor.

Feſtino ad noſtros; & regem tranſeo Ponti,

Et Crœſum, quem vox juſti facunda Solonis

Reſpicere ad longæ juſſit ſpatia ultima vitæ.

Exilium, & carcer, Minturnarumque paludes,

Et mendicatus victa Carthagine panis,

Hinc cauſas habuere, quid illo cive tuliſſet

Natura in terris. Quid Roma beatius unquam,

Si circumducto captivorum agmine, & omni

Bellorum pompa, animam exhalaſſet opimam,

Cum de Teutonico vellet deſcendere curru?

Provida Pompeio dederat Campania febres

Optandas; ſed multæ urbes, & publica vota

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Stretcht to caninė deformity her mien:
The woman vaniſh'd in a barking queen!
Why need we Crœſus name? whom bade to wait
That warning voice* the cloſing ſcene of fate.
Why to thy monarch,† Pontus! turn our eyes,
When Rome's examples thick before us riſe?
Minturnæ's marſhes, and the dungeon-gloom,
And want, and exile; Marius! thy doom!
To ſculk, where ruin'd Carthage ſtrew'd the field;
This too the bliſs, extended life could yield.
No happier child had foſtering Nature fed;
Thy genius, Rome! no happier captain bred;
If, when he ſtept from his triumphal car,
'Midſt all the pompous circumſtance of war,
'Midſt crowds of Cimbrians dragg'd in long array,
Bath'd in full bliſs, his ſoul had wing'd her way.
Kind Autumn, brooding o'er Campania's plains,‡
Lit the fierce calenture in Pompey's veins:
But votary-ſtates, and public vows, prevail
O'er Heaven's indulgence and the tainted gale,

* Of *Solon* the Athenian.

† *Mithridates.*

‡ *Mr. Owen* is conciſe and good:

Naples to *Pompey* a kind fever gave,
To hide his honours in a welcome grave.
But public pray'rs aroſe: whole cities pray'd:
Their vows were heard; the ſentence was delay'd.
By Rome's and his croſs fate that grave he fled,
And liv'd---to loſe his honours and his head.

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Vicerunt: igitur fortuna ipſius, & urbis,
Servatum victo caput abſtulit. Hoc cruciatu
Lentulus, hac pœna caruit; ceciditque Cethegus
Integer, & jacuit Catilina cadavere toto.
Formam optat modico pueris, majore puellis
Murmure, cum Veneris fanum videt anxia mater,
Uſque ad delicias votorum. Cur tamen, inquit,
Corripias? pulchra gaudet Latona Diana.
Sed vetat optari faciem Lucretia, qualem
Ipſa habuit: cuperet Rutilæ Virginia gibbum
Accipere, atque ſuam Rutilæ dare. Filius autem
Corporis egregii miſeros trepidosque parentes
Semper habet. Rara eſt adeo concordia formæ
Atque pudicitiæ! Sanctos licet horrida mores
Tradiderit domus, ac veteres imitata Sabinas;
Præterea caſtum ingenium, vultumque modeſto
Sanguine ferventem, tribuat natura benigna

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The chief's good fortune, and, imperial Rome!
Thy proſperous fates procraſtinate his doom;
His doom procraſtinate, to ſee him caſt
Headleſs, and ſweltering in the ſouthern blaſt.
Cethegus! Lentulus! your crimes on you,
Vile miſcreants! no ſuch mutilation drew.
E'en Catiline, in front of battle,* bled
With honourable wounds, and undiſſever'd head.
The mother, when ſhe views Cythera's fane,
Begs beauty for her ſons in temp'rate ſtrain;
But for her daughters to the goddeſs prays
With throbs of tranſport and impaſſion'd phraſe.
" Why blame the pray'r? Where beauteous Dian goes,
" With conſcious pride Latona's boſom glows."
What ills from beauty flow, too well atteſt
Lucretia's dagger and her bleeding breaſt.
Virginia long'd to change her blooming grace
For ſhape diſtorted and a hideous face.
Where beams a child with beauty's glowing charms,
The parent's breaſt is harrow'd with alarms.
Our ſearch ſo rarely can that union find
Of blameleſs features and untainted mind!
Though train'd to innocence in rural ſhades,
Where rough ſimplicity the roof pervades;
Though lines ingenuous a pure ſoul beſpeak,
And untaught bluſhes tinge the veſtal cheek;

* Interea Catilina cum expeditis in prima acie verſari---Catilina vero, longe a ſuis, inter hoſtium cadavera repertus eſt. Salluſt. Catil. fin.

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Larga manu (quid enim puero conferre poteſt plus,
Cuſtode, & cura Natura potentior omni)
Non licet eſſe viros; nam prodiga caſtratoris
Improbitas ipſos audet tentare parentes.
Tanta in muneribus fiducia, nullus ephebum
Deformem ſæva caſtravit in arce tyrannus,
Nec pretextatum mutilavit loripidem, vel
Strumoſum, atque utero pariter gibboque tumentem.
Nunc ergo, juvenis, ſpecie lætare tui, quem
Majora expectant diſcrimina: fiet adulter
Publicus; & pœnas metuet, quaſcunque maritis
Iratis debet: nec erit felicior aſtro
Martis, ut in laqueos nunquam incidat: exigit autem
Interdum ille dolor plus, quam lex ulla dolori
Conceſſit: necat hic ferro, ſecat ille cruentis
Verberibus; quoſdam mœchos & mugilis intrat.
Sed tuus Endymion dilectæ fiet adulter
Matronæ: mox, cum dederit Servilia nummos,
Fiet & illius quam non amat: exuet omnem
Corporis ornatum ſive Hippia, ſive Catulla;
Deterior totos habet illic fœmina mores.
Sed caſto quid forma nocet? quid profuit olim
Hippolyto grave propoſitum? quid Bellerophonti?
Erubuit nempe hæc, ceu faſtidita repulſa,
Nec Sthenobœa minus quam Creſſa excanduit, & ſe
Concuſſere ambæ. Mulier ſæviſſima tunc eſt,
Cum ſtimulos odio pudor admovet. Elige quidnam
Suadendum eſſe putes, cui nubere Cæſaris uxor
Deſtinat: optimus hic, & formoſiſſimus idem
Gentis patriciæ rapitur miſer, extinguendus
Meſſalinæ oculis: dudum ſedet illa parato

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(Theſe, better guards than diſcipline beſtows,
Youth to ſpontaneous Nature's bounty owes)
How perilous the ſnares for beauty laid!
Suſtain'd by virtue, but by gold betray'd.
Want oft ſurrenders a fair daughter's charms,
Conſent unwilling !* to Seduction's arms.
The form unbleſs'd, to no vile arts a prey,
Purſues through life it's uncorrupted way.
A limping leg, blotch'd ſkin, and twiſted ſhape,
Nor dreads the lopping ſteel, nor ruffian-rape;
To ſwell ſome Eaſtern tyrant's beſtial train,
Or, price of manhood! trill the quavering ſtrain.
Full fount of ills, a fair adulterer's face:
The fright, the penalty, the long diſgrace.
Oft, retribution dire! ſome vengeful lord,
Plung'd in the culprit leaves his frantic ſword.
In vain to frozen chaſtity we truſt,
Whirl'd in the vortex of a tempter's luſt.
His ſtep-dame's ſuit Hippolytus denied:
The guileleſs youth by her falſe malice died.
In thy ſad tale, Bellerophon! we find
No leſs, how fires repulſe the madding mind.
Thee,† through each danger monſtrous forms could yield,
Through all the terrors of th' embattled field,

* *Homer. Il.* iv. 43.

Και γαρ εγω σοι δωκα εκων, αεκοντι γε θυμω,

† *Homer. Il.* vi. 200.

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Flammeolo, Tyriusque palam genialis in hortis
Sternitur, & ritu decies centena dabuntur
Antiquo, veniet cum signatoribus auspex.
Hæc tu secreta, & paucis commissa putabas:
Non nisi legitime vult nubere. Quid placeat, dic:
Ni parere velis, pereundum est ante lucernas:
Si scelus admittas, dabitur mora parvula, dum res,
Nota urbi & populo, contingat principis aures.
Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus: interea tu
Obsequere imperio, si tanti est vita dierum
Paucorum: quicquid levius meliusque putaris,
Præbenda est gladio pulchra hæc & candida cervix.
Nil ergo optabunt homines? si consilium vis,
Permittes ipsis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.
Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt Dii:
Carior est illis homo quam sibi: nos animorum
Impulsu, & cæca magnaque cupidine ducti,
Conjugium petimus, partumque uxoris: at illis
Notum qui pueri, qualisque futura sit uxor.
Ut tamen & poscas aliquid, voveasque sacellis
Exta, & candiduli divina tomacula porci:
Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.

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To blank deſpair and moping madneſs drove
The foul ſuggeſtions of rejected love.
When Shame and Hatred in one boſom dwells,
The female fiend with all her fury ſwells.

" Shall then no wiſh from lab'ring boſoms riſe,
" And ſhoot on trembling pinions* to the ſkies?"
No: 'tis thy wiſdom to the Powers above,
Of ſway omnipotent and boundleſs love,
To truſt the conduct of thy ſtation here;
Still to thoſe Powers, than to thyſelf, more dear.
They, with infuſion due, will mix thy bowl,
Harſh to the taſte, but healing to the ſoul.
We fondly wiſh, by ſightleſs paſſion led,
The ſpouſe endearing and prolific bed:
'Tis their's alone to know, if child and wife
Will prove the bane, or bleſſing, of our life.
If ſtill ſome lurking wiſh corrode thy reſt,
And aſpiration heave thy ſtruggling breaſt;
If doating zeal ſome hallow'd rites require,
The victim-blood,† and ſacrificial fire;
Then ſay, " Kind Heaven! a healthful frame impart,
" A brain unclouded, and a ſpotleſs heart:
" Nerves, that ſhall ſtem Misfortune's roughеſt tide,
" Uncheck'd by fears, by death unterrified:

* Επεα πτεροεντα, *winged words: Homer*; from the *velocity* with which *ſound* is communicated.

† More properly " The victim-*ſwine*." See my note on the *Eumenides* of *Æſchylus*, ver. 283.

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Fortem poſce animum, & mortis terrore carentem;
Qui ſpatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponat
Naturæ; qui ferre queat quoſcunque labores,
Neſciat iraſci, cupiat nihil; & potiores
Herculis ærumnas credat, ſævosque labores,
Et Venere, & cœnis, & plumis Sardanapali.
Monſtro, quod ipſe tibi poſſis dare: Semita certe
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.
NULLUM numen abeſt, ſit ſit prudentia: ſed te
Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam, cœloque locamus.

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" To greet, ſerene and firm, life's evening cloſe,
" As Nature's kind proviſion for repoſe.
" May no vain wiſh my tranquil thoughts controul,
" Nor Rage pour out his tempeſt on my ſoul!
" Give ſtrength, Herculean toils to undergo,
" And run with Temp'rance the career of woe;
" Leſt ſoft ſeductive Pleaſure's Syren-ſtrains
" Melt the frail heart, and thrill the throbbing veins:
" To ſpurn th' enjoyments brute ſenſations bring;
" The down, the banquets, of Aſſyria's king.*"
One bleſſing on ourſelves we may beſtow;
'Tis peace: and Virtue is our peace below.
No power haſt thou where Wiſdom's altars riſe;
We, Fortune! build thee ſhrines, we ſtation in the ſkies.

* *Sardanapalus.*

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Q. HORATII FLACCI

C A R M I N U M

LIBER I.

Ad Mæcenatem.

ODE I.

MÆCENAS, atavis edite regibus,
O & præsidium et dulce decus meum!
Sunt, quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat; metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos.
Hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
Certat tergeminis tollere honoribus;
Illum, si proprio condidit horreo
Quidquid de Lybicis verritur areis:
Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
Agros, Attalicis conditionibus
Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypriâ
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.

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HORACE:

BOOK I.

ODE I.

PATRON and pride! whoſe lineage ſprings
From ancient ſtem of Tuſcan kings,
Mæcenas! ſome on Piſa's ſtrand
Whirl, in thick clouds of circling ſand,
The glowing car, elate of ſoul;
With nice evaſion clear the goal:
The wreaths, that victor-brows entwine,
Lift mortals to a height divine.
  Some love in civic breaſts to raiſe
The monument of patriot-praiſe:
Some, the full ſtores of golden grain,
Swept from prolific Lybia's plain.
  Who joys to reap in native fields,
What Earth's all-foſtering boſom yields,
On him not mines of gold prevail
To ſtem the wave, and face the gale.

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Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
Mercator metuens, otium et oppidi
Laudat rura sui : mox reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.
Est, qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
Nec partem solido demere de die
Spernit ; nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.
Multos castra juvant, et lituo tubæ
Permistus sonitus, bellaque matribus
Detestata. Manet sub Jove frigido
Venator, teneræ conjugis immemor ;
Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.
Te doctarum ederæ præmia frontium
Dis miscent superis : me gelidum nemus,
Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori
Secernunt populo ; si neque tibias
Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton.
Quod si me Lyricis vatibus inseris,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

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When howling tempeſts rend the ſkies,
And ſeas in billowy mountains riſe,
The trembling merchant ſighs in vain
His tranquil joys and rural reign:
But luſt of gold, the danger paſs'd,
Rigs the torn bark, and dares the blaſt.
One, nothing loath, regales his ſoul
With feſtive eaſe and ſocial bowl;
Repos'd, where blooming ſhrubs o'erſhade,
And limpid rills refreſh the glade.
Him, thrill with tranſport war's alarms,
The clarion loud and claſhing arms:
War! from whoſe crimſon ſources riſe
Orphan-tears and matron-ſighs.
Deaf to the ſweets of whiſpering love,
The huntſman braves inclement Jove,
To rouze the boar, or chace the fawn,
With truſty dogs at early dawn.
Thee raiſes to the bliſs of heaven
That ivy-crown by Learning given.
Me, the cool grove, and nimble bound
Of Nymphs and Satyrs friſking round,
Mark from the vulgar; if the Muſe
Her pipe vouchſafe, nor lyre refuſe.
If of the lyric choir am I,
This towering head will ſtrike the ſky.

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ODE IV.

Solvitur acris hyems gratâ vice Veris et Favoni :
Trahuntque ſiccas machinæ carinas :
Ac neque jam ſtabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni ;
Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.
Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus, imminente Lunâ :
Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes
Alterno terram quatiunt pede ; dum graves Cyclopum
Vulcanus ardens urit officinas.
Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto,
Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt ſolutæ.
Nunc et in umbroſis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
Seu poſcat agnam, ſive malit hœdum.

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ODE IV.

SEE from yon plains the vernal gale
  Looſe Tyrant Winter's icy chain!
Bids the bold ſailor ſpread the ſail,
  And truſt his veſſel to the main.

The ploughman quits his wintry fire,
  To flowery meads the flocks are led;
Gay Spring diſplays her rich attire,
  Where Froſt his hoary mantle ſpred.

Lo! Venus leads the ſprightly dance,
  The Nymphs and Graces circling meet;
And, thwart the Moon's pale luſtre, glance
  To cadence briſk their twinkling feet.

Jove's arms, for Summer's ſultry glow,
  The lab'ring ſons of Ætna tire:
The thunder reddens from each blow,
  The lightning quickens with freſh fire.

Our brow let myrtle-wreaths encloſe;
  Cull every variegated flower,
That Zephyr ſcatters as he goes,
  That Flora ſuckles in her bower.

For Faunus light the ſacred fire,
  Wide-ſtreaming thro' th' umbrageous wood:
For him the ſpotleſs lamb expire,
  Or flow the kid's more welcome blood.

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Pallida mors æquo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres. ô beate Seſti,
Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam.
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque Manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia : quò ſimul meâris,
Nec regna vini ſortiere talis,
Nec tenerum Lycidum mirabere, quo calet juventus
Nunc omnis, et mox virgines tepebunt.

Ad Agrippam.

ODE VI.

Scriberis Vario fortis, et hoſtium
Victor Mæonii carminis alite,
Quam rem cunque ferox navibus aut equis
Miles te duce geſſerit.
Nos, Agrippa, neque hæc dicere, nec gravem
Pelidæ ſtomachum cedere neſcii,
Nec curſus duplicis per mare Ulyſſei,
Nec ſævam Pelopis domum

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Death haſtes with equal ſpeed to all:
His ſtrides, by no diſtinctions led,
Climb the proud monarch's pompous hall,
Nor paſs the ruſtic's ſtraw-built ſhed.

Let no fond hopes, my friend! beguile
Thine eyes from life's contracted ſpan;
Nor, ſooth'd by Fortune's flattering ſmile,
Deem long the longeſt date of man.

Thy trembling ſoul muſt wing her flight
To Pluto's dull and dreary ſhore,
To ſhades of ever-during night;
And feaſt and dalliance be no more!

No beams of dawning day will chear
That bourn's impenetrable gloom;
No Spring relieve th' unvarying year,
Th' eternal Winter of the tomb!

To Agrippa.

ODE VI.

In ſtrains majeſtic, Varius, bard ſublime!
The glories of thy conquering arm ſhall ſing,
Thy feats on every wave, in every clime;
Borne on the plumes of the Mœonian wing.

Theſe high exploits, or fierce Achilles' rage,
Daunt the faint warbling of my feeble lyre;
Daunt the long labours of the pilgrim-ſage:
Far humbler themes my humbler Muſe inſpire.

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Conamur, tenues grandia; dum pudor,
Imbellisque lyræ Musa potens vetat
Laudes egregii Cæsaris et tuas
Culpâ deterere ingenî.
Quis Martem tunicâ tectum adamantinâ
Dignè scripserit? aut pulvere Troico
Nigrum Merionen? aut ope Palladis
Tydiden Superis parem?
Nos convivia, nos prœlla virginum
Sectis in juvenes unguibus acrium
Cantamus; vacui, sive quid urimur,
Non præter solitum leves.

ODE IX.

Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte; nec jam sustineant onus
Silvæ laborantes; geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto?
Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Largè reponens; atque benigniùs
Deprome quadrimum Sabinâ,
O Thaliarche, merum diotâ.
Permitte Divis cætera: qui simul
Stravere ventos æquore fervido
Deprœliantes, nec cupressi,
Nec veteres agitantur orni.

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She, all unconſcious of th' enraptur'd lays,
That ſwell the loudly-ſounding ſtrings along,
Nor thine preſumes, nor Cæſar's peerleſs praiſe,
With genius cold and unimpaſſion'd ſong.

What bard ſhall paint, unbleſs'd with Homer's ſtrains,
In mail of adamant the ſon of Jove?
Merion, embrown'd with duſt on Trojan plains?
Tydides, rival to the Powers above?

Convivial joys my ſportive Muſe requires,
The raviſh'd kiſs, the virgin's playful ſtrife:
While, now at eaſe, now ſcorch'd with amorous fire,
Tranſition ſweet! glides on my chequer'd life.

ODE IX.

See, how Soracte's crown of woods
Bows with the ſpangled loads of ſnow!
Enthrall'd by Winter's chain, the floods
Forget to murmur and to flow.

Come, let our hearth, far-blazing, fright
Chill Boreas and his crew away:
Bring, boy! my daintieſt ſtores to light,
And chear with wine our ſocial day.

The reſt be your's, ye Powers above!
Ye ſmooth fierce Ocean's foaming bed:
Rude winds are huſh'd; no poplars move,
No ruſtling cypreſs waves the head.

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Quid ſit futurum cras, fuge quærere; et
Quem fors dierum cunque dabit, lucro
Appone: nec dulces amores
Sperne, puer, neque tu choreas,
Donec virenti canities abeſt
Moroſa. Nunc et campus, et areæ,
Lenesque ſub noctem ſuſurri
Compoſitâ repetantur horâ:
Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ riſus ab angulo,
Pignusque dereptum lacertis,
Aut digito malè pertinaci.

ODE XV.

PASTOR cùm traheret per freta navibus
Idæis Helenam perfidus hoſpitam;
Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos, ut caneret fera
Nereus fata. Malâ ducis avi domum,
Quam multo repetet Græcia milite,
Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias,
Et regnum Priami vetus.

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Forbid the future care to lower,
  Thy balance of affections even;
And grateful deem each added hour
  A kindneſs undeſerv'd of Heav'n.

Unſilver'd ſtill thy locks remain,
  Still thy light limbs with vigour move:
Join in briſk dance the Nymph and Swain,
  And yield thy melting ſoul to love.

With frolic mirth regale thy prime;
  The glade, the bower, thy ſteps invite:
Drop, faithful to thy charmer's time,
  Love's whiſpers in the ear of Night;

When burſts of ſtudied laughter prove,
  Where the ſly wantons lurking ſtand;
When thy warm graſp the pledge of love
  Tears from the coyly-willing hand.

ODE XV.

In Ida's ſhips when Helen's treacherous gueſt
  O'er the rough ſurge bore off his lawleſs love,
Sage Nereus huſht the driving winds to reſt,
  And thus denounct th' unwelcome will of Jove.

Thou convoy'ſt home with inauſpicious ſail,
  That bliſs, which Greece combin'd will ſoon annoy;
Thy raviſh'd nuptials ſoon ſhall Priam wail,
  Soon ſink in duſt th' imperial towers of Troy.

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Eheu, quantus equis, quantus adeſt viris
Sudor! quanta moves funera Dardanæ
Genti! jam galeam Pallas et ægida
Currusque et rabiem parat.
Nequicquam, Veneris præſidio ferox,
Pectes cæſariem; grataque feminis
Imbelli citharâ carmina divides:
Nequicquam thalamo graves
Haſtas, et calami ſpicula Cnoſſii
Vitabis, ſtrepitumque, et celerem ſequi
Ajacem: tamen, heu, ſerus adulteros
Crines pulvere collines.
Non Laertiaden, exitium tuæ
Gentis, non Pylium Neſtora reſpicis?
Urgent impavidi te Salaminius
Teucerque, et Sthenelus ſciens
Pugnæ; ſive opus eſt imperitare equis,
Non auriga piger. Merionem quoque
Noſces, ecce furit te reperire atrox
Tydides melior patre:
Quem tu, cervus uti vallis in alterâ
Viſum parte lupum graminis immemor,
Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
Non hoc pollicitus tuæ.
Iracunda diem proferet Ilio,
Matronisque Phrygum, claſſis Achilleï.
Poſt certas hiemes uret Achæacus
Ignis Ili acas domos.

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The ſteeds, the men, what toils alaſs o'erwhelm!
O'er all the race impends the ſcourge of war:
Pallas prepares her ægis and her helm,
Calls forth her rage, and ſpeeds her thundering car.

In vain with ſongs you charm the female train,
Too proudly boaſtful of Cythera's care!
To raptures wake the living lyre in vain,
And dreſs the floating ringlets of your hair.

The din of fight, the feather'd deaths, and ſpears,
The ſwift purſuer's foot, in vain you fly:
Vengeance, too late! ſhall ſteep your bed in tears,
And ſoild in gory duſt thoſe ringlets lie.

Ulyſſes, lo! to Troy deſtructive name!
Lo! the calm firmneſs of the Pylian ſage;
Lo! Teucer, Merion, heroes dear to fame!
Each warrior fierce for thee reſerves his rage.

At thee the ſtrong will launch his furious ſpear,
For thee the ſwift thro' ranks embattled run:
There Sthenelus, and great Tydides there,
Of ſire illuſtrious more illuſtrious ſon.

From that ſtern chief I ſee thee panting fly:
(Ah! thoughtleſs bride, to heed his ſoothing tale!)
As liſtening harts, if chance the wolf they ſpy,
Drop the ſweet blade, and ſcud along the vale.

Achilles' wrath the doom of Troy ſuſpends,
And keeps a while the ſtreams from matron-eyes;
Yet ſtill their hopes one fated winter ends,
Still Græcian flames o'er Ilium's towers ſhall riſe.

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ODE XXII.

INTEGER vitæ, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,
Fusce, pharetrâ;
Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.
Namque me silvâ lupus in Sabinâ,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis,
Fugit inermem:
Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis;
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

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ODE XXII.

Whose ſtream of life flows pure from ſin,
Whoſe conſcience whiſpers peace within,
Thron'd in the virtuous heart,
Needs no vain implements of war;
No ſhaft that wings deſtruction far,
No poiſon-tinctur'd dart.

If thro' the glow of ſcorching lands,
Where Afric ſpreads her waſte of ſands,
He urge his dangerous way:
Where, fabled ſtream, Hydaſpes flows,
Or 'midſt th' inhoſpitable ſnows
Of Scythian hills he ſtray.

As heedleſs thro' lone woods I rove,
And ſongs of faithful Lydia's love
Enchain my raptur'd ſenſe,
A glaring wolf innoxious ſaw;
His flight confeſt a conſcious awe
Of love and innocence.

No beaſt, of ſuch portentous ſize
And viſage grim, in covert lies
Of Daunia's tangled maze;
No ſuch in wilds Numidian prowl,
Thoſe wilds, where through one ceaſeleſs howl
The ſtartled pilgrim ſtrays.

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Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æſtivâ recreatur aurâ;
Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
Jupiter urget:
Pone ſub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terrâ domibus negatâ;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

ODE XXXVIII.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus:
Diſplicent nexæ philyrâ coronæ:
Mitte ſectari, roſa quo locorum
Sera moretur.
Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus curæ: neque te miniſtrum
Dedecet myrtus, neque me ſub arctâ
Vite bibentem.

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Convey me to that dreary plain,
Where Winter holds his iron reign,
'Midſt vapours, ice, and ſnow;
Where no green foliage ſoothes the ſight,
Where ſhivering tempeſts Flora fright,
Nor Zephyr dares to blow:

Convey me, where faint man retires
From the fierce blaze of ſolar fires,
Beneath the ſcorching line:
Here Lydia's ſmile my breaſt ſhall warm,
My boſom here her tongue ſhall charm;
Her tongue, her ſmile, divine!

ODE XXXVIII.

I HATE, my boy! this anxious care,
Theſe curious wreaths to bind my hair,
And all your Perſian ſtate:
Bring me the firſt fair flower that blows:
Say, will the ſhort-liv'd vernal roſe
Our leiſure, lingering, wait?

Suffice it, that the Myrtle-bough,
In ſimple neatneſs, round my brow
It's cooling verdure twine:
Nor thou the Myrtle-bough deſpiſe,
That decks thy maſter, as he lies
Beneath the mantling vine.

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LIBER II.

ODE II.

NULLUS argento color eſt, avaris
Abditæ terris inimice lamnæ
Criſpe Salluſti, niſi temperato
Splendeat uſu.
Vivet extento Proculeius ævo,
Notus in fratres animi paterni:
Illum aget pennâ metuente ſolvi
Fama ſuperſtes.
Latiùs regnes avidum domando
Spiritum, quàm ſi Libyam remotis
Gadibus jungas, et uterque Pœnus
Serviat uni.
Creſcit indulgens ſibi dirus hydrops;
Nec ſitim pellit, niſi cauſa morbi
Fugerit venis, et aquoſus albo
Corpore languor.

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BOOK II.

ODE II.

YES, you deſervedly deſpiſe
The wealth, that uſe ne'er taught to ſhine,
That ruſting in the coffer lies,
Like ore yet buried in the mine;
For gold, my friend! no luſtre knows,
But what a wiſe well-temper'd uſe beſtows.

Thee, Proculeius! diſtant days
Will bleſs, and make thy virtues known;
Conſpiring tongues will ſound thy praiſe,
A father's love to brethren ſhewn.
Tranſcendant worth, like thine, will fly
On Fame's unflagging pinions thro' the ſky.

A monarch far more potent he,
Who ſubject keeps his wayward ſoul,
Who lives from ſordid avarice free,
And dares each fiercer luſt controul,
Than he, whoſe univerſal ſway
Wide Earth's extremes, her Eaſt and Weſt, obey.

That ſenſual ſelf-indulgent wretch,
Whoſe ſkin the panting dropſy ſtrains,
Still muſt the watery languor ſtretch,
And only Temperance eaſe his veins:
So growing Wealth prompts new deſire,
And Fortune's breeze but fans the waſting fire.

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Redditum Cyri ſolio Phraaten,
Diffidens plebi, numero beatorum
Eximit Virtus; populumque falſis
Dedocet uti
Vocibus, regnum et diadema tutum
Deferens uni, propriamque laurum,
Quisquis ingentes oculo irretorto
Spectat acervos.

ODE III.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem; non ſecus in bonis
Ab inſolenti temperatam
Lætitiâ, moriture Delli,
Seu mœſtus omni tempore vixeris,
Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Feſtos reclinatum beâris
Interiore notâ Falerni;

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That Perſian hails the public voice,
  Deck'd with the crown that Cyrus wore:
But Virtue ſanctions not the choice;
  She calls Phraates bleſs'd no more:
Can tyrant-hands, defil'd with ſin,
The fair, the ſpotleſs, meed of Virtue win?

Their rule perverſe ſhall Virtue own,
  Which bliſs to wealth and grandeur leaves?
From Virtue he, and he alone,
  The wreath and diadem receives,
Who dares the glittering heap paſs by,
With ſtedfaſt mien and unreverted eye.

ODE III.

When ſtorms, my Friend! around thee riſe,
And clouds of woe involve the ſkies,
  Maintain a mind ſerene:
Or, if thy ſun break out and ſmile,
Let no proud thoughts thy ſoul beguile
  Amidſt the gaudy ſcene.

For, know, ſhould Fortune's brighteſt ray
Illume with mirth each live-long day,
  Or frowning ſorrow gloom;
From Miſery's cell, or Pleaſure's bower,
Soon, ſoon th' inevitable hour
  Conſigns thee to the tomb.

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Quò pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hoſpitalem conſociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo:
Huc vina, et unguenta, et nimiùm breves
Flores amœnæ ferre jube roſæ,
Dum res, et ætas, et ſororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.
Cedes coëmtis ſaltibus, et domo,
Villâque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes; et exſtructis in altum
Divitiis potietur heres.
Divesne priſco natus ab Inacho,
Nil intereſt, an pauper, et infimâ
De gente ſub dio moreris,
Victima nil miſerantis Orci.

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With aſpect grim, and footſtep rude,
See the fell tyrant Death intrude,
And daunt thy gay retreat;
Where pines and poplars weave their ſhade;
Where Rills meander through the glade,
And trip with warbling feet.

Here thy choice wines and dainties bring;
Let each frail flower, that robes the Spring,
Their mingled fragrance ſhed;
While Youth and Fortune yet are thine,
While yet the ſable ſiſters twine
Life's ſhort and leſſening thread.

That ſumptuous pile, thoſe fruitful meads,
Thoſe verdant vales, where Tiber ſpreads,
Well-pleas'd, his yellow wave,
Thy heir will ſeize; and all the gold
Thoſe piles of ample coffers hold,
To riot o'er thy grave.

Whether our branch of lineage ſprings
From noble ſtem of ancient kings,
Or anceſtry unknown;
Whether we walk this clod of earth
Of baſe or of illuſtrious birth;
Death marks us for his own.

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Omnes eodem cogimur: omnium
Versatur urnâ seriùs ociùs
Sors exitura, et nos in æternum
Exilium impositura cymbæ.

ODE VI.

Septimi, Gades aditure mecum, et
Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre nostra, et
Barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura semper
Æstuat unda:
Tiber Argeo positum colono
Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ:
Sit modus lasso maris, et viarum,
Militiæque.
Unde si Parcæ prohibent iniquæ,
Dulce pellitis ovibus Galesi
Flumen, et regnata petam Laconi
Rura Phalanto.
Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet; ubi non Hymetto
Mella decedunt, viridique certat
Bacca Venafro;

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Alike, when our ſhort race is run,
We quit this air, this ſky, this ſun,
And all the joys of Light;
Immur'd in Death's cold dreary cell,
Where horror, ſadneſs, ſilence, dwell
With everlaſting night.

ODE VI.

Come, friend! with me to Gades' remoteſt ſhores,
Where fierce Cantabrians ſpurn the Roman chain;
To climes barbaric, where unceaſing roars
Thro' boiling ſands the Mauritanian main.

May I in Tybur, rais'd by Argive bands,
Cloſe the calm ſcene of life's eventful ſtage:
There find theſe limbs, long toſs'd on ſeas and lands,
A bed of comfort for repoſing age!

Should Fate unkind deny that bliſsful ſeat,
Thy wave, Galeſus! and thou, rural reign
Of bold Phalantus! reſt my pilgrim feet,
Where ſnow-white fleeces brighten all the plain.

Ye ſtreams delicious, and enchanting fields!
Oh! may that ſpot of all the globe be mine!
Hymettus' ſelf not purer honey yields;
Venafrian olives dare but rival thine.

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Ver ubi longum, tepidasque præbet
Jupiter brumas, et amicus Aulon
Fertili Baccho minimùm Falernis
Invidet uvis.
Ille te mecum locus et beatæ
Poſtulant arces : ibi tu calentem
Debitâ ſparges lacrymâ favillam
Vatis amici.

ODE IX.

Non ſemper imbres nubibus hiſpidos
Manant in agros ; aut mare Caſpium
Vexant inequales procellæ
Uſque ; nec Armeniis in oris,
Amice Valgi, ſtat glacies iners
Menſes per omnes ; aut Aquilonibus
Querceta Gargani laborant,
Et foliis viduantur orni.
Tu ſemper urges flebilibus modis
Myſten ademtum ; nec tibi Veſpero
Surgente decedunt amores,
Nec rapidum fugiente ſolem.
At non ter ævo functus amabilem
Ploravit omnes Antilochum ſenex
Annos ; nec impubem parentes
Troilon, aut Phrygiæ ſorores

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There from ſoft Zephyrs of encroaching Springs,
  Stern Winter's tranſient rigours melt away;
There grapes, mount Aulon from his full lap flings,
  Like thine, Falern! matures a warmer ray.

There every grace, that Nature's hand can lend,
  Invite our ſteps, and all the clime endear:
There pay the laſt ſad office to thy friend,
  And quench his glowing aſhes with a tear.

ODE IX.

Despairs my friend? No clouds deform
  With ceaſeleſs ſhowers the rugged plain:
No winds with unabating ſtorm
  In ſurges harrow up the main:

Armenia's ſtores of ice and ſnows
  The breeze and darting ſun-beam dread:
Loud tempeſts languiſh to repoſe,
  And oaks unbend their ruffled head.

But your ſad ſtrain of anguiſh ſteep
  Tears, that in ſhowers perpetual run:
The youth, when morning beams, you weep,
  And tearful eye the ſetting ſun.

Neſtor long wail'd th' accompliſh'd boy,
  Nor yet indulg'd eternal woe:
Long Priam wept thy bloſſom, Troy!
  But Time forbade his griefs to flow.

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Flevere ſemper. Deſine mollium
Tandem querelarum; et potiùs novæ
Cantemus Auguſti tropæa
Cæſaris; et rigidum Niphaten,
Medumque flumen gentibus additum
Victis, minores volvere vortices;
Intràque præſcriptum Gelonos
Exiguis equitare campis.

ODE X.

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo; neque dum procellas
Cautus horreſcis, nimiùm premendo
Litus iniquum.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obſoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ
Sobrius aulâ.

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Thy tears, thy ſoft complaining, ceaſe:
  Auguſtus now, his country's pride,
Demands our ſong; the trophied peace,
  Rome's empire 'ſtabliſh'd far and wide.

To him Niphates bows his head,
  The Parthian ſcantier bounds contain;
Nor ſwells proud Tigris o'er his bed,
  But glides ſubmiſſive to the main.

ODE X.

If thy frail bark nor raſhly brave
The wide-expanding Ocean's wave,
  Nor, timorous of the threatening ſtorm,
The rocks and breakers preſs too near;
Nor ſwelling Pride, nor eddying Fear,
  Will then thy life, my friend! deform.

Who loves, well-balanc'd and ſerene,
Contentment in the golden mean,
  Eſcapes each wild extreme of woe;
Him nor the cot with ſordid fare,
Nor ſumptuous manſion's dazzling glare,
  Nor Envy, nor Ambition, know.

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Sæpiùs ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus ; et celſæ graviore caſu
Decidunt turres ; feriuntque ſummos
Fulmina montes.
Sperat infeſtis, metuit ſecundis
Alteram ſortem bene præparatum
Pectus : informes hiemes reducit
Jupiter ; idem
Summovet : non, ſi malè nunc, et olim
Sic erit : quondam citharâ tacentem
Suſcitat Muſam, neque ſemper arcum
Tendit Apollo.
Rebus anguſtis animoſus atque
Fortis appare : ſapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimiùm ſecundo
Turgida vela.

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The ſtately pines, that threat the ſkies,
When tempeſts in loud fury riſe,
  Their ruſtling heads more deeply bow:
High towers in thunder ſpread the ground;
The bolts glance o'er the lowly mound,
  But blaſt th' aſpiring mountain's brow.

The wiſe, with Hope's all-cheering ray
Gild black Diſaſter's lowering day,
  And Fortune's ſmile, ſuſpicious, view:
His all-diſpoſing hand above,
Which Winter brings, will ſoon remove,
  And vernal gales and ſuns renew.

The damps, that chill thy breaſt to-day,
To-morrow's dawn will melt away:
  E'en Phœbus' ſelf ſweet change requires;
Aſide his fav'rite bow he flings,
Calls on each Muſe, the ſilent ſtrings
  To wake, and animate their lyres.

If crowding ills, a baleful train!
Invade thy manſion, friend! maintain
  A dauntleſs mien, a ſoul at eaſe;
If on thy bark the ſwelling gale
Too proudly wanton, furl thy ſail,
  And ride ſecure the toſſing ſeas.

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ODE XIV.

Eheu! fugaces, Poſtume, Poſtume,
Labuntur anni! nec pietas moram
Rugis, et inſtanti ſenectæ
Afferet, indomitæque morti:
Non, ſi trecenis, quotquot eunt dies,
Amice, places illacrymabilem
Plutona tauris; qui ter amplum
Geryonen Tityonque triſti
Compeſcit undâ, ſcilicet omnibus,
Quicunque terræ munere veſcimur,
Enavigandâ; ſive reges,
Sive inopes erimus coloni.
Fruſtra cruento Marte carebimus,
Fractisque rauci fluctibus Adriæ;
Fruſtra per Autumnos nocentem
Corporibus metuemus Auſtrum.
Viſendus ater flumine languido
Cocytus errans, et Danai genus
Infame, damnatusque longi
Siſyphus Æolides laboris.

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ODE XIV.

ALAS! my friend, the years glide on apace!
Vain thy pure homage to th' all-ruling Power,
To ſmoothe one wrinkle of that faded face;
Arreſt old age, or Death's determin'd hour.

Tho' with three hecatombs, each circling ſun,
Thy pious hands his ſtreaming altar ſtain,
Down Pluto's iron cheek no tear would run;
But ev'n three hundred victims bleed in vain!

In his black realm thoſe Giant-ſons of earth
Enchains th' oblivious ſtream's revolving bed:
The rich that ſtream muſt paſs, of royal birth;
The poor, who labours for his ſcanty bread.

In vain, enſanguin'd war! we 'scape thy ſnare,
Thro' Ocean's bellowing waves ſecurely ſail,
Watch Autumn's blaſting hour with trembling care,
When Death and Languor walk on every gale.

Where black Cocytus winds his lazy flood,
Where the huge ſtone is upheav'd o'er and o'er,
Where toil the Siſters ſtain'd with nuptial blood,
Our feet muſt journey, to return no more.

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Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
Uxor: neque harum, quas colis, arborum
Te, præter invisas cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.
Absumet heres Cæcuba dignior
Servata centum clavibus, et mero
Tinget pavimentum superbo,
Pontificum potiore cœnis.

ODE XVI.

Otium Divos rogat in patenti

Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes

Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent

Sidera nautis;

Otium bello furiosa Thrace,

Otium Medi pharetrâ decori,

Grosphe, non gemmis, neque purpurâ ve-

nale, nec auro.

Non enim gazæ, neque consularis

Summovet lictor miseros tumultus

Mentis, et curas laqueata circum

Tecta volantes.

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Thy houſe thou ſoon muſt quit, and charming bride;
Thy lands, thoſe trees that wave, thoſe flowers that bloom;
Cypreſs alone, of all thy garden's pride,
It's ſhort-liv'd maſter follows to his tomb.

Thy laviſh Heir will waſte thoſe hoarded ſtores;
Stores, that a hundred maſſy keys confine:
Soon, midſt luxurious riot, will thy floors,
With Parian ſtone reſplendent, ſwim in wine.

ODE XVI.

When howling tempeſts ſcour the ſkies,
And waves in rolling mountains riſe;
When no ſtar ſhoots it's quivering light,
Nor Phœbe gilds the gloom of night;
The lab'ring ſailors curſe the ſeas,
And ſend in ſighs a prayer for eaſe.

Eaſe e'en the furious ſons of Thrace,
And Parthia begs, a warrior race!
That eaſe, which gold nor gems can buy,
Nor gorgeous veſt of crimſon dye.

What? think'ſt thou, friend! the dazzling glare
Of wealth ſhall daunt the eye of Care?
The croud of ſlaves that round thee wait,
Shall drive th' intruder from thy gate?
No: Care thy ſtern command defies,
And thro' the pompous manſion flies.

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Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensâ tenui ſalinum;
Nec leves ſomnos timor aut Cupido
Sordidus aufert.
Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? patriæ quis exſul
Se quoque fugit?
Scandit æratas vitioſa naves
Cura; nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocior cervis, et agente nimbos
Ocior Euro.
Lætus in præſens animus, quod ultra eſt
Oderit curare, et amara lento
Temperet riſu: nihil eſt ab omni
Parte beatum.
Abſtulit clarum cita mors Achillem:
Longa Tithonum minuit ſenectus:
Et mihi forſan, tibi quod negârit,
Porriget hora.

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The man, whoſe ſmall paternal ſtore
Precludes each torturing wiſh for more,
Enjoys the bliſsful golden mean,
The night ſecure, the day ſerene:
No fears tumultuous haunt his breaſt,
No ſordid paſſions break his reſt.

Why plan frail men ſuch boundleſs ſchemes,
Lull'd by Ambition's airy dreams?
Why reſtleſs quit their native home,
For eaſe thro' foreign climes to roam?
In foreign climes, alaſs! they find
A change of ſun, no change of mind!

Care can o'ertake the panting ſteed,
Outſtrip the driving veſſel's ſpeed;
No harts, no gales, ſo ſwiftly fly;
No fleecy clouds that ſkim the ſky.

Forbear to vex, ſerenely gay,
With future ills the paſſing day;
Each comfort's full enjoyment know,
And ſmile away thy ſhare of woe.
Whoſe hours thro' bliſs unvaried run?
Some cloud will blot the brighteſt ſun.

Earth rang with great Achilles' name:
Tithonus liv'd unknown to fame;
But he in youth reſign'd his breath;
This pin'd in age, and long'd for death.
Years following years may be my doom,
When thou art moulder'd in the tomb.

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Te greges centum, Siculæque circum
Mugiunt vaccæ; tibi tollit hinnitum
Apta quadrigis equa; te bis Afro
Murice tinctæ
Veſtiunt lanæ: mihi parva rura, et
Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camœnæ
Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
Spernere vulgus.

LIBER III.

ODE IX.

HORATIUS.

DONEC gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat;
Perſarum vigui rege beatior.

LYDIA.

Donec non aliâ magis
Arſiſti, neque erat Lydia poſt Chloen;
Multi Lydia nominis
Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.

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Unnumber'd herds thy wealth commands;
And fleeces whiten all thy lands,
That round thy manſion fill the view;
Thy veſture, Tyria's richeſt hue:

To me, with ſmall domains, kind Heav'n
Some ſparks of it's own fire has giv'n:
Theſe yield to my enraptur'd breaſt
The pureſt intellectual feaſt,
Fancy's rich food, that never cloys;
Bliſs, far tranſcending vulgar joys!

BOOK III.

ODE IX.

HORACE.

WHILST I belov'd enjoy'd thy charms,
Nor dar'd a youth more favour'd fling
Round thy fair neck his claſping arms,
I liv'd more bleſs'd than Perſia's king.

LYDIA.

While glow'd thy breaſt with Lydia's flame,
Nor Chloe lur'd thy wandering eye;
Illuſtrious then was Lydia's name:
Not Ilias' ſelf ſo fam'd as I.

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HORATIUS.

Me nunc Threſſa Chloe regit,
Dulces docta modos, et citharæ ſciens;
Pro quâ non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fata ſuperſtiti.

LYDIA.

Me torret face mutuâ
Thurini Calais filius Ornithi;
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata ſuperſtiti.

HORATIUS.

Quid, ſi priſca redit Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloe,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

LYDIA.

Quanquam ſidere pulchrior
Ille eſt; tu levior cortice, et improbo
Iracundior Adriâ;
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

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HORACE.

Now Thracian Chloe thralls my heart,
  Her lyre, her tongue, enchanting fair!
I e'en from life itſelf could part,
  If Fate my lovely maid would ſpare.

LYDIA.

Thurinus now calls me his own,
  Bound in ſoft chains of love and truth:
E'en twice could I my life lay down,
  Would Death but ſpare my charming youth.

HORACE.

Once more ſhould Venus gracious prove?
  Should thoſe fond looks and ſmiles return?
Lie quench'd the torch of Chloe's love,
  And Lydia's with freſh vigour burn?

LYDIA.

Though brighter he than brighteſt ſtar,
  Thou angrier than the toſſing ſea,
And paſſing cork in lightneſs far;
  I fain would live and die with thee!

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ODE XIII.

O FONS Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro,
Dulci digne mero, non sine floribus,
Cras donaberis hœdo;
Cui frons turgida cornibus
Primis, et Venerem et prœlia destinat;
Frustra: nam gelidos inficiet tibi
Rubro sanguine rivos
Lascivi soboles gregis.
Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculæ
Nescit tangere: tu frigus amabile
Fessis vomere tauris
Præbes, et pecori vago.
Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
Me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
Saxis, unde loquaces
Lymphæ desiliunt tuæ.

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ODE XIII.

BANDUSIA's fount! whoſe rock diſtills,
Than lucid chryſtal, purer rills;
The meed of flowery wreaths be thine,
And hallow'd ſtream of luſcious wine!
To thee ſhall view to-morrow's ſun
A votive kid's life-current run,
Whoſe gently-ſwelling forehead proves
Naſcent fights and budding loves.
His blood, gay youth and frolic vain!
The coolneſs of thy ſtream ſhall ſtain.
Thee not the furious Dog-ſtar's ray
Can pierce in Summer's flaming day.
The plough-tir'd ox delights to lave
His ſides in thy refreſhing wave.
The wandering flocks thy water greet,
Solace of thirſt and balm of heat.
Henceforth, in rolls of Time thy name
Shall ſhine, 'mid fountains dear to Fame.
That holm, whoſe leaves the rock embower,
Whence with ſweet babbling murmurs pour
Thy waters clear and cool, my lays
Shall conſecrate to deathleſs praiſe.

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ODE XXX.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique ſitu pyramidum altius;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Poſſit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum ſeries, et fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar; multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam. Usque ego poſterâ
Creſcam laude recens; dum Capitolium
Scandet cum tacitâ virgine pontifex.
Dicar, quâ violens obſtrepit Aufidus,
Et quâ pauper aquæ Daunus agreſtium
Regnavit populorum; ex humili potens,
Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxiſſe modos. Sume ſuperbiam
Quæſitam meritis, et mihi Delphicâ
Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.

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ODE XXX.

'Tis done: th' immortal page ſhall blaze my fame
Through earth's wide confines, borne on Glory's wings;
While mould'ring braſs betrays the ſculptur'd name,
And ſink in duſt the tombs of Ægypt's kings.

The rage of winds, the ſlow-corroding ſhower,
Aſſail in vain this monument of praiſe;
Time's baleful tooth ſuſpends it's withering power;
He breathes freſh verdure on my lyric bays.

Tho' fire æthereal ſoon may ceaſe to warm
This lump of clay, my nobler part ſhall brave,
Grim death! the terrors of thy conquering arm;
Shall ſpring from duſt, and bloſſom o'er my grave.

E'er theſe poetic honours droop and fade,
Rome's towering temple ſhall the ſacred quire
Deſert, the ſolemn Prieſt, the Veſtal Maid,
Chaſte, ſilent guardian of th' eternal fire!

Where furious Aufid's roaring torrents roll,
Where thirſty Daunus ſway'd his rural reign,
Conſenting tongues will own, my ventrous ſoul
Firſt tun'd to Roman ſtrings th' Æolian ſtrain.

Low-born, on Genius' wings I ſoar the ſky,
And ſpurn the tribe of vulgar minds below:
Claim, Muſe! the meet rewards of merit high,
And with thy Delphian leaves entwine my brow.

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LIBER IV.

ODE III.

QUEM tu, Melpomene, ſemel
Naſcentem placido lumine videris,
Illum non labor Iſthmius
Clarabit pugilem; non equus impiger
Curru ducet Achaico
Victorem; neque res bellica Deliis
Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quòd regum tumidas contuderit minas,
Oſtendet Capitolio:
Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile præfluunt,
Et ſpiſſæ nemorum comæ,
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.
Romæ principis urbium
Dignatur ſoboles inter amabiles
Vatum ponere me choros;
Et jam dente minùs mordeor invido.

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BOOK IV.

ODE III.

THE Bard, ſweet Muſe! whoſe lonely birth
Thy foſtering ſmile did not diſdain;
No Herald's voice will ſound his worth,
Victorious on th' Olympic plain:

No Græcian chariot's flying ſpeed
Will whirl him foremoſt through the race;
No laurel-crown, the warrior's meed
For battles won, his temples grace;

While, pois'd o'er his triumphal car,
Bright Conqueſt waves her crimſon wings;
While Pæans ſwell the pomp of war
For realms ſubdued, and captive kings.

But Tybur's clear melodious ſtream,
And whiſp'ring woods, that round her grow,
Shall ſoothe my ſenſe in Fancy's dream,
Shall tune my tongue, and deck my brow.

My name, imperial Rome! enroll
Thy ſons in their poetic train;
Warm beams of praiſe dilate my ſoul,
And Envy's tooth aſſails in vain.

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O teſtudinis aureæ
Dulcem quæ ſtrepitum, Pieri, temperas;
O mutis quoque piſcibus
Donatura cycni, ſi libeat, ſonum:
Totum muneris hoc tui eſt,
Quòd monſtror digito prætereuntium,
Romanæ fidicen lyræ:
Quòd ſpiro, et placeo, ſi placeo, tuum eſt.

LIBER IV.

ODE VII.

DIFFUGERE nives: redeunt jam gramina campis,
Arboribusque comæ:
Mutat terra vices; et decreſcentia ripas
Flumina prætereunt:
Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque Sororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros.

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Oh! Muſe benign! the golden ſhell
Thy finger rules, thy tongue inſpires:
In the chill'd breaſt thy magic ſpell
Can kindle Rapture's holy fires.

'Tis thine, that thus with lyric wreath
Conſenting hands my temples twine;
That this poetic life I breathe,
And pleaſe, if I *do* pleaſe, is thine.

BOOK IV.

ODE VII.

THE ſnow diſſolves before the breeze;
Freſh flowery verdure robes the plain;
Rich foliage decks the ruſtling trees,
And Spring with ſmiles reſumes her reign.

All nature blooms: the furious floods,
That ſpread their deſolating tide
O'er proſtrate plains, through ecchoing woods,
Down to their native channels glide.

The Nymphs, by wintry blaſts appal'd,
Start, wirh the Graces, from their trance;
Nor fear, by whiſpering Zephyrs call'd,
In naked charms to weave the dance.

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Immortalia ne ſperes, monet annus, et almum
Quæ rapit hora diem.
Frigora miteſcunt Zephyris: ver proterit æſtas,
Interitura, ſimul
Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit: et mox
Bruma recurrit iners.
Damna tamenceleres reparant cœleſtia lunæ:
Nos ubi decidimus
Quò pius Æneas, quò Tullus dives, et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra ſumus.
Quis ſcit an adjiciant hodiernæ craſtina ſummæ
Tempora Dî ſuperi?
Cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico
Quæ dederis animo.
Cùm ſemel occideris, et de te ſplendida Minos
Fecerit arbitria;
Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
Reſtituet pietas.

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Seaſons revolve, and diſappear;
Hours, quick ſucceſſion! come and fly:
Each fleeting day, each changeful year,
Proclaims to man Mortality.

Rough Winter melts with vernal gales;
Theſe yield to Summer's ſcorching ray:
Then Autumn pours his fruits, and fails,
Dethron'd by Winter's circling ſway.

Thus Seaſons ſoon revolve, and ſoon
Night flies the glittering ſhafts of Morn:
Earth fades and blooms; the waning Moon
Fills with new light her ſilver horn:

When once frail Man reſigns his breath,
The rich, the virtuous, and the wiſe!
All-darkling in the cell of Death
A victim unredeem'd he lies!

Who knows, if that controuling Power,
The fount of life! when this day's ſun
Is ſet, will add another hour
To thoſe that have already run?

Then bid adieu! to cares and ſtrife;
Thy ſoul let feſtive pleaſures chear:
Infuſe with mirth the cup of life,
Nor heed thy diſappointed heir.

When gloomy Death ſhall interpoſe
His ſhroud betwixt this ſun and thee;
When the ſtern Judge with pomp diſcloſe,
And ſolemn voice, his juſt decree;

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Infernis neque enim tenebris Dianæ pudicum
Liberat Hippolytum:
Nec Lethæa valet Theſeus abrumpere caro
Vincula Pirithoo.

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Nor eloquence, nor ſplendid birth,
Will then avail to change thy doom:
Not Virtue warms the clay-cold earth,
Or opes the portals of the tomb.

A Goddeſs great, a hero brave,
Found love alike and friendſhip vain:
Her votary chaſte ſhe could not ſave,
He burſt his friend's Lethæan chain.

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VIRGILIUS.

ECLOGA DECIMA.

EXTREMUM hunc, Arethuſa, mihi concede laborem.
Pauca meo Gallo, ſed quæ legat ipſa Lycoris,
Carmina ſunt dicenda: neget quis carmina Gallo?
Sic tibi, quum fluctus ſubterlabere Sicanos,
Doris amara ſuam non intermiſceat undam.
Incipe. Sollicitos Galli dicamus amores,
Dum tenera adtondent ſimæ virgulta capellæ.
Non canimus ſurdis: reſpondent omnia ſilvæ.
Quæ nemora, aut qui vos ſaltus habuere, puellæ
Naïdes, indigno quum Gallus amore periret?
Nam neque Parnaſi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
Ulla moram fecere, neque Aoniæ Aganippæ.
Illum etiam lauri, etiam flevere myricæ:

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VIRGIL.

ECLOGUE X.

INDULGE this laſt ſhort lay, Sicilian maid!
This laſt ſhort lay to Gallus ſhall be paid;
Nor let Lycoris the ſad ſong diſdain:
What Muſe to Gallus can deny her ſtrain?
So may thy ſtreams thro' depths of Ocean glide,
Pure from the tincture of his ambient tide!
Begin. My Gallus! be thy hapleſs love
The theme; while browſe my goats, the budding grove.
Nor to the deaf our plaintive notes we ſing;
The woods will anſwer, and their ecchos ring.
Oh! ſay, ye Naiads! what ſequeſter'd glade
In that ſad hour your loitering ſteps delaid?
That hour, what lawns embowering caus'd your ſtay,
When Gallus pin'd with hopeleſs love away?
No hill of Pindus, no Parnaſſian mount,
Detain'd you then; nor Aganippe's fount.
Each ſhrub, each laurel, dumb compaſſion ſhew;
And bow their dew-pearl'd heads in ſign of woe.

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Pinifer illum etiam ſola ſub rupe jacentem
Mænalus, & gelidi fleverunt ſaxa Lycæi.
Stant & oves circum: noſtri nec pœnitet illas;
Nec te pœniteat pecoris, divine poeta:
Et formoſus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis,
Venit & upilio: tardi venere bubulci:
Uvidus hiberna venit de glande Menalcas.
Omnes, unde amor iſte, rogant, tibi? Venit Apollo:
Galle, quid inſanis? inquit, tua cura Lycoris
Perque nives alium, perque horrida caſtra ſecuta eſt.
Venit & agreſti capitis Silvanus honore,
Florentis ferulas & grandia lilia quaſſans.
Pan deus Arcadiæ venit: quem vidimus ipſi
Sanguineis ebuli baccis minioque rubentem.
Ecquis erit modus? inquit. Amor non talia curat,
Nec lacrimis crudelis amor, nec gramina rivis,
Nec cytiſo ſaturantur apes, nec fronde capellæ.
Triſtis at ille; Tamen cantabitis, Arcades, inquit,

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As, 'neath the pine-crown'd Mænalus, alone
He lay, relenting tears bedew'd the ſtone.
The circling flock their maſter's anguiſh ſhare,
Nor ſlight the memory of his guardian care.
Nor thou, celeſtial bard! thy flock diſdain;
His flock Adonis tended, beauteous ſwain,
Where wandering ſtreams refreſht the verdant plain.
The ſhepherd comes, thy ſorrows to ſurvey;
The pitying herdſmen bend their plodding way;
Menalcas too was there; whoſe raiment ſoak
The wintry droppings of the ſhaken oak.*
All aſk, "Whence thy fierce paſſion?"—Phœbus came:
"Why burns my Gallus with this madding flame?
"Thy dear Lycoris with another goes
"Thro' camps of horrour, and a waſte of ſnows."
Silvanus came, with fennel's flowering bough,
And wreath of lilies, nodding on his brow.
Arcadian Pan, with cheeks of vermil ſtain,
(Theſe eyes beheld him) joins the penſive train.
"Will Gallus then no moderation know?
"Stern Love," he cries, "but laughs at human woe.
"Nor tears can ſatiate Love, nor flowers the bee,
"Nor rills the mead, nor goats the tender tree."
"Yet hence I ſee," the youth forlorn replies,
"One ray of comfort on my ſorrows riſe,

* Or thus:

Menalcas dropping-wet you there might ſee,
With beating acorns from the wintry tree.

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Montibus hæc veſtris : ſoli cantare periti
Arcades. O mihi tum quam molliter oſſa quieſcant,
Veſtra meos olim ſi fiſtula dicat amores !
Atque utinam ex vobis unus, veſtrique fuiſſem
Aut cuſtos gregis, aut maturæ vinitor uvæ !
Certe, ſive mihi Phyllis, ſive eſſet Amyntas,
Seu quicumque furor, (quid tum, ſi fuſcus Amyntas ?
Et nigræ violæ ſunt, & vaccinia nigra)
Mecum inter ſalices lenta ſub vite jaceret :
Serta mihi Phyllis legeret, cantaret Amyntas.
Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori ;
Hic nemus : hic ipſo tecum conſumerer ævo.
Nunc inſanus amor duri te Martis in armis,
Tela inter media, atque adverſos detinet hoſtis,
Tu procul a patria, nec ſit mihi credere tantum,
Alpinas ah dura ! nives & frigora Rheni
Me ſine ſola vides. Ah te ne frigora lædant !
Ah tibi ne teneras glacies ſecet aſpera plantas !
Ibo, & Chalcidico quæ ſunt mihi condita verſu,
Carmina, paſtoris Siculi modulabor avena.
Certum eſt in ſilvis, inter ſpelæa ferarum
Malle pati, tenerisque meos incidere amores

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" If ye, Arcadian ſwains! of peerleſs ſkill,
" Would chant theſe woes to every native hill.
" My bones will reſt, how ſoftly! in their cell,
" If your ſweet pipe my tender ſtory tell.
" Oh! had your bleſs'd condition, ſwains! been mine!
" To tend the flock, or trim the ripening vine.
" If ſome fair Phyllis paſſion ſoft inſpir'd,
" Or young Amyntas all my boſom fir'd;
" (What, if th' Arcadian youth might duſky be?
" Violets and hyacinths are dark as he)
" By mantling vines their lover laid along,
" The chaplet ſhe had cull'd, he trill'd the ſong.
" Here bloom ſoft verdant meads, cool fountains ſtray:
" Here could I waſte with thee, dear Nymph! in bliſs away!
" Thee, mad with love! terrific war's alarms,
" Embattled hoſts, hem round, and briſtling arms.
" Thou couldſt thy country and thy lover leave,
" (And muſt that lover the ſtrange tale believe?)
" On Alpine heights th' eternal ſnows to brave,
" And roam where Rhine ſcarce rolls his icy wave.
" May no chill gale on thy ſoft beauties beat!
" May no ſharp ice dare wound thoſe tender feet!
" I go to warble my Chalcidic ſtrain
" On the ſweet pipe of fam'd Sicilia's ſwain;
" Reſolv'd, theſe woes in howling woods to bear,
" Where lurks the ſavage monſter in his lair.

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Arboribus: creſcent illæ; creſcetis, amores.
Interea mixtis luſtrabo Mænala Nymphis;
Aut acris venabor apros. Non me ulla vetabunt
Frigora Parthenios canibus circumdare ſaltus.
Jam mihi per rupes videor lucosque ſonantis
Ire; libet Partho torquere Cydonia cornu
Spicula; tamquam hæc ſint noſtri medicina furoris,
Aut deus ille malis hominum miteſcere diſcat.
Jam neque Hamadryades rurſum, nec carmina nobis
Ipſa placent: ipſæ rurſum concedite ſilvæ.
Non illum noſtri poſſunt mutare labores:
Nec ſi frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,
Sithoniasque nives hiemis ſubeamus aquoſæ;
Nec ſi, quum moriens alta liber aret in ulmo,
Æthiopum verſemus ovis ſub ſidere Cancri.
Omnia vincit amor: & nos cedamus Amori.
Hæc ſat erit, Divæ, veſtrum cecinisse poëtam,
Dum ſedet, & gracili fiſcellam texit hibiſco,

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" The trees inſcrib'd ſhall my ſad ſtory know;
" The * tender trees will thrive, and my ſad ſtory grow.
" Meanwhile, with Nymphs, Mænalian heights I tread,
" And rouſe the boar wild-glaring from his ſhed;
" My dogs and toils round the thick covert caſt,
" By froſts undaunted, and the piercing blaſt.
" Now o'er ſteep crags and ecchoing woods I go;
" Wing Parthian arrows from the Cretan bow.—
" But can theſe ſports alas! my ſorrows eaſe,
" Or human ills that ruthleſs God appeaſe?
" Now Nymphs and groves have loſt their power to charm:
" My breaſt no more the ſongs of rapture warm.
" No toils, no woes of man, avail to move
" The ſteel'd ſenſations of unpitying Love:
" Tho' Hebrus' wave we quaff, when Winter reigns,
" And traverſe ſnows on Scythia's dreary plains;
" Or feed our flocks where ſickening verdure dies,
" Touch'd † by the blaze of Æthiopian ſkies.
" All yield to Cupid's univerſal ſway;
" And we the power reſiſtleſs muſt obey."
Suffice this tribute of your poet's love,
While the ruſh-baſket, laid at eaſe, he wove,

* *Cowley* prettily alludes to this paſſage in his Eſſay on Himſelf.

" Perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of poets, which " ſtampt firſt, or rather engraved, theſe characters in me. They were like " letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree ſtill grow " proportionably."

† See my note on the *Trachiniæ* of *Sophocles*, verſ. 685.

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Pierides. Vos hæc facietis maxima Gallo:

Gallo, cujus amor tantum mihi creſcit in horas,

Quantum vere novo viridis ſe ſubjicit alnus.

Surgamus: ſolet eſſe gravis cantantibus umbra.

Juniperi gravis umbra: nocent & frugibus umbræ.

Ite domum ſaturæ, venit Heſperus, ite capellæ.

ÆN. II. 692.

Vix ea fatus erat ſenior: ſubitoque fragore
Intonuit lævom, et de cœlo labſa per umbras
Stella facem ducens multa cum luce cucurrit.
Illam, ſumma ſuper labentem culmina tecti,
Cernimus Idæa claram ſe condere ſilva,
Signantemque vias: tum longo limite ſulcus
Dat lucem, et late circum loca ſulfure fumant.
Hic vero victus genitor ſe tollit ad auras,
Adfaturque deos, et ſanctum ſidus adorat:
Jam jam nulla mora eſt; ſequor, et quo ducitis adſum.
Dî patrii, ſervate domum, ſervate nepotem:
Veſtrum hoc augurium, veſtroque in numine Troja eſt.
Cedo equidem; nec, nate, tibi comes ire recuſo.
Dixerat ille: et jam per mœnia clarior ignis
Auditur, propiusque æſtus incendia volvunt.

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Pierian maids! My Gallus, taught by you,
Will greet this offering with affection due;
For whom my fondneſs grows each circling hour,
As ſhrubs with genial breeze and foſtering ſhow'r.
Ariſe: dark Twilight's mantle ſhrouds the ground,
And trees diffuſe chill exhalations round.
Their humid foliage ſmites the golden grain,
And loitering warbler of the ſylvan ſtrain.
Ye goats, well fated, quit, O quit the glade,
E'er Night involve you in her ſpreading ſhade.

Æn. II. 692.

Scarce had Anchiſes ſpoke, when thunder rolls
Loud on the left, and rends the rattling poles:
A meteor, ſhooting from th' ætherial height,
Streams thro' the ſhades a blazing trail of light:
Juſt o'er our roof we ſee the radiance glide,
Then ſink in foliage of umbrageous Ide:
Where ſwept the blaze, a lucid path we trace,
Diſtinct; and ſteams of ſulphur fill the place.
My ſire relents, to Heav'n he darts his eye,
And greets the flaming ſignal of the ſky:
"I yield," he cries: "in me is no delay:
"I yield, and follow where ye point the way.
"This ſtar is your's; 'tis your's to ſave the boy,
"To ſave our race, ye guardian-powers of Troy!
"No dark forebodings, ſon! this boſom knows:
"With thee thy ſire a willing exile goes."
He ſpake: the crackling flames appall our ſouls:
Near, and more near, the conflagration rolls.

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Ergo age, caré pater, cervici imponere noſtræ :
Ipſe ſubibo humeris, nec me labor iſte gravabit :
Quo res cumque cadent, unum et commune periclum,
Una ſalus ambobus erit. Mihi parvus Iulus
Sit comes, et longe ſervet veſtigia conjux.
Vos famuli, quæ dicam, animis advertite veſtris.
Eſt urbe egreſſis tumulus templumque vetuſtum
Deſertæ Cereris, juxtaque antiqua cupreſſus,
Religione patrum multos ſervata per annos.
Hanc ex diverſo ſedem veniemus in unam.
Tu, genitor, cape ſacra manu, patriosque Penates :
Me, bello e tanto digreſſum et cæde recenti,
Adtrectare nefas ; donec me flumine vivo
Abluero.
Hæc fatus, latos humeros ſubjectaque colla
Veſte ſuper, fulvique inſternor pelle leonis ;
Succedoque oneri. Dextræ ſe parvus Iulus
Implicuit, ſequiturque patrem non paſſibus æquis ;
Pone ſubit conjux. Ferimur per opaca locorum.
Et me, quem dudum non ulla injecta movebant
Tela, neque adverſo glomerati ex agmine Graii,
Nunc omnes terrent auræ ; ſonus excitat omnis
Suſpenſum, et pariter comitique onerique timentem.

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« Come then, dear father ! come ; my neck aſcend :
« Beneath that duteous weight with joy I bend.
« Haſte, and with me the race of danger run ;
« Sav'd by one fate, or by one fate undone.
« The child Iulus by my ſide ſhall pace :
« Creuſa ! thou my ſteps, obſervant, trace.
« Servants ! your maſter's warning voice attend :
« Where Troy's broad bulwarks to the plain deſcend,
« Swells a low mound of earth ; and, mouldering by,
« The ſhrines of Ceres long-neglected lie :
« A cypreſs, nurtur'd with religious care,
« Waves near it's reverend foliage high in air.
« At this fix'd point let our converging feet,
« By every path, from all directions, meet.
« My ſire ! our tutelary Gods demand
« The pure conveyance of thy ſpotleſs hand.
« Profane, my touch, 'till ſtreams perennial lave
« Theſe blood-ſtain'd fingers in their cleanſing wave."
Then o'er my ſhoulders broad, a veſt below,
A tawny lion's ſhaggy ſpoils I throw ;
And lift my burthen : to my fingers clong
The child, and tript with mincing ſteps along ;
Creuſa follow'd cloſe. In wild diſmay,
Darkling, precipitate, we urge our way.
And me, whom late, nor javelins ſhowering round,
Nor charging ſhock of myriad Greeks confound,
Each murmur now and whiſpering breeze affright,
Maz'd for the dear companions of my flight.

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Jamque propinquabam fortis, omnemque videbar
Evaſiſſe viam ; ſubito quum creber ad auris
Viſus adeſſe pedum ſonitus : genitorque per umbram
Proſpiciens, Nate, exclamat, fuge, nate ; propinquant :
Ardentis clipeos, atque æra micantia cerno.

LUCRETIUS, II. 342.

Præterea genus humanum, mutæque natantes
Squammigerûm pecudes, et læta armenta, feræque,
Et variæ volucres ; lætantia quæ loca aquarum
Concelebrant, circùm ripas, fonteisque, lacusque,
Et quæ pervolgant nemora avia pervolitantes :
Horum unum quodvis generatim ſumere perge ;
Invenies tamen inter ſe diſtare figuris.
Nec ratione aliâ proles cognoſcere matrem,
Nec mater poſſet prolem ; quod poſſe videmus,
Nec minùs atque homines inter ſe nota cluere.

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Thus to the gates our eager ſteps we bore,
And every danger fondly deem'd no more;
When ſudden ſounds of trampling hoſts invade
Our ſtartled ears; and, glancing thro' the ſhade,
Exclaims Anchiſes; "Fly, my ſon! O! fly:
"Their ſparkling ſpears and blazing ſhields I ſpy."

LUCRETIUS, II. 342.

The race of man, the beaſts that graze, or prey;
The ſpeechleſs natives of the watery way,
Birds of all wing, or thoſe, that joy to rove
In ſtill receſſes of th' embowering grove,
Or on the graſſy bank their paſtime take;
That ſip the fountain, or that ſkim the lake;
Not one of all the myriad broods you find,
But ſome diſtinction marks him from his kind.
Elſe, could the young with conſcious rapture go
To greet it's dam? or ſhe her nurſling know?
But they no leſs the lines diſtinctive ſcan,
Than reas'ning optics man diſcern from man.

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Nam ſæpe ante Deûm vitulus delubra decora
Thuricremas propter mactatus concidit aras,
Sanguinis exſpirans calidum de pectore flumen:
At mater virideis ſaltus orbata peragrans,
Linquit humi pedibus veſtigia preſſa biſulcis,
Omnia conviſens oculis loca, ſi queat uſquam
Conſpicere amiſſum fœtum; completque querelis
Frundiferum nemus adſiſtens; et crebra reviſit
Ad ſtabulum, deſiderio perfixa juvenci:
Nec teneræ ſalices, atque herbæ rore vigentes,
Fluminaque ulla queunt ſummis labentia ripis
Oblectare animum, ſubitàmque avertere curam:
Nec vitulorum aliæ ſpecies per pabula læta.
Uſque adeò quiddam proprium, notumque requirit.

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When, in the fane, the victim-calf expires,
While clouds of fragrance roll from hallow'd fires;
When purple currents, warm with floating life,
Pours by the ſhrine the ſacrificial knife,
Thro' the green lawns the penſive mother ſtrays;
Her anxious ſearch the frequent ſtep bewrays:
Each plain ſhe traverſes, each haunt ſhe tries,
And turns, and wiſtful turns, her ſtraining eyes:
Now ſtops, and tells in moans her raviſh'd love
To liſtening ecchoes of th' umbrageous grove:
Oft at the ſtall, in anguiſh and deſpair,
Her darling ſeeks; but finds no darling there.
The tender ſhrubs no more with joy ſhe views:
No herbs, ſweet gliſtering with refreſhing dews,
Can ſoothe the ranklings of Affliction's dart,
Plung'd to the laſt receſſes of her heart.
Of other young no ſemblance gives relief;
No love transferr'd can mitigate her grief.
See thro' gay meads the wretched wanderer go,
A penſive form of unavailing woe!

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ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΕΑΡ.

Μελεαγρου.

Χειματος ηνεμοεντος απ' αιθερος οιχομενοιο,
Πορφυρεη μειδησε φερανθεος ειαρος ωρη·
Γαια δε κυανεη χλοερην εσσευατο ποιην,
Και φυτα θηλησαντα νεοις εκομησε πετηλοις·
Οι δ', απαλην πινοντες αεξιφυτου δροσον ηους,
Λειμωνες γελοωσιν, ανοιγομενοιο ῥοδοιο.
Καιρει και συριγξι νομευς εν ορεσσι λιγαινων,
Και πολιοις εριφοις επιτερπεται αιπολος αιγων.
Ηδη δε πλωουσιν επ' ευρεα κυματα ναυται,
Πνοιη απημαντῳ Ζεφυρε λινα κολπωσαντος*.
Ηδη δ' ευαζεσι φερεσταφυλῳ Διονυσῳ,
Ανθει βοτρυοεντος ερεψαμενοι τριχα κισσε.
Εργα δε τεχνηεντα βοηγενεεσσι μελισσαις
Καλα μελει, και σιμβλῳ εφημεναι εργαζονται
Λευκα πολυτρητοιο νεορρυτα καλλεα κηρε.
Παντη δ' ορνιθων γενεη λιγυφωνος αειδει,
Αλκυονες περι κυμα, χελιδονες αμφι μελαθρα,
Κυκνος επ' οχθαισι ποταμε, και υπ' αλσος ανδων.

* Sic legendum.

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DESCRIPTION OF THE SPRING,

BY MELEAGER.

No more the ſky with frowns of Winter lours;
Spring purpling ſmiles, and calls forth all her flow'rs.
See the fluſh'd earth a crown of verdure wear!
See milky ſaplings wave their new-born hair!
While opening roſes each bright mead adorn;
Meads, fed by tender dews of genial Morn.
With joy the mountain-ſhepherd pipes his lays;
With joy the goatherd his hoar flock ſurveys.
O'er Ocean's wavy breaſt the veſſel ſails,
Fann'd by the pinions of propitious gales.
Loud ſongſters hail the bounteous God of wine;
Their brow thick wreaths of cluſtering ivy twine.
Induſtrious bees their annual toil renew;
Probe the gay flower, and ſuck the balmy dew:
From cell to cell th' unwearied artiſt goes;
Shines the white wax, the nectarous amber flows.
Birds of all wing unite their warbled ſtrains;
Thrills the loud concert thro' the liſtening plains.
Halcyons the ſea, the manſion ſwallows love;
Swans the pure ſtream, and Philomel the grove.

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Ει δε φυτων χαιρεσι κομαι, και γαια τεθηλε,
Συριζει δε νομευς, και τερπεται ευκομα μηλα,
Και ναυται πλωεσι, Διωνυσω δε χορευει,
Και μελπει πετεηνα, και ωδινεσι μελισσαι·
Πως ου χρη και αοιδον εν εαρι καλον αεισαι.

ΕΙΣ ΠΟΙΜΕΝΑ,

Λεωνιδου,

Επιγ. 98.

Ποιμενες, οι ταυτην ορεω ραχιν οιοπολειτε,
Αιγας κ' ευμαλλες εμβατεωντες οϊς,
Κλειταγορη, προς γης, ολιγην χαριν, αλλα προσηκη,
Τινοιτε, χθονιης εινεκα Φερσεφονης.
Βληχησαιντ' οϊες μοι, επ' αξεσ[τ]οιο δε ποιμην
Πετρης συριζοι πρηεα βοσκομεναις.
Εαρι δε πρωϊω, λειμωνιον ανθω αμερσας,
Χωριτης σ[τ]εφετω τυμβον εμον σ[τ]εφανω.
Και τις απ' ευαρνοιο καταχραινοιτο γαλακτω,
Οιω αμολγοιον μασ[τ]ον ανασχομενω,
Κρηνιδ' υγραινων επιτυμβιον· εισι θανοντων,
Εισιν αμοιβαιαι κην φθιμενοις χαριτες.

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If fair-treſs'd plants rejoice, and Earth be gay;
If friſk the flocks, and ſhepherds pipe their lay;
If Bacchus ply the dance, and ſhips the ſea,
Warble the feather'd quire, and toil the bee:
Shall bards, with rapture fir'd, forbear to ſing,
And ſwell the general chorus of the Spring?

EPITAPH

ON THE TOMB OF A SHEPHERD,

FROM LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

EPIG. 98.

YE ſwains! whoſe goats and fine-hair'd fleeces fill
The green receſſes of this lonely hill,
By Earth! a ſmall, but welcome, favour ſhew;
By Earth, and dreadful Proſerpine below!
Here let your flocks their grateful bleatings raiſe,
Here let their ſhepherd tune his rural lays.
Cull'd from the meadow let the pilgrim bring,
To dreſs my tomb, the flowery wreaths of ſpring.
Let pure libations the cold ſtone bedew,
Preſs'd from ſwoll'n udders of the teeming ewe.
E'en to the dead ſome kind returns are made;
Some kind ſad office ſooths the penſive ſhade!

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Λεωνιδου,

Επιγ. 99.

Α δειλ' Αντικλεις, δειλη δ' εγω, ἡ τον εν ἡβης
Ακμῃ και μουνον παιδα πυρωσαμενη,
Οκτωκαιδεκατης ὁς απωλεο· τεκνον εγω δε
Ορφανιον κλαιω γηρας οδυρομενη.
Βαιην εις Αιδος σκιερον δομον· ουτε μοι ηως
Ηδει', ουτ' ακτις ωκεος ηελιου.
Α δειλ' Αντικλεις, μεμορημενε, πενθεος ειης
Ιητηρ, ζωης εκ με κομισσαμενος.

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LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM:

Epig. 99.

Ah! dear hapleſs boy, art thou gone?
Sole ſupport of my languiſhing years!
Haſt thou left thy fond mother alone
To wear out life's evening in tears?

To forſake me thus old and forlorn,
E'er thy youth had attain'd it's gay bloom!
Thy ſun was ſcarce riſen at morn,
When it ſet in the night of the tomb.

Alaſs! the freſh beam of the day
Happy mortals with thankfulneſs ſee;
But I ſicken, O Sun! at thy ray:
It brings ſadneſs and wailing to me!

Oh! might the dear child but return,
From deſpair his loſt mother to ſave!
Or might I but ſhare in his urn!
Might I flee in his arms to the grave!

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PSALM XXIII.

THE God, whoſe univerſal ſway
The tribes of Heaven and Earth obey,
Yields all my wants a full ſupply,
And guards me with a ſhepherd's eye.
His charge with prudent care he leads,
Where foodful verdure cloaths the meads;
With guiding ſteps vouchſafes to go,
Where ſtreams of health and comfort flow.

The precepts thy pure lips impart,
My mind illume, and mend my heart:
Their faithful power my life ſhall frame
To praiſe the great Preceptor's name.

Tho' Death ſit brooding o'er the ground,
And ſpread thick gloom of horror round,
Vain all his terrors to controul
The purpoſe of my ſtedfaſt ſoul:
Jehovah's rod, a help and ſtay,
Confirms my ſtep, and points my way.

With envious eye my foe will pine
To ſee the plenteous table mine:
Oil from thy bounteous hand ſhall ſhed
Pure ſtreams of fragrance on my head:
Fill'd by that bounteous hand, the bowl
With healing juices chears my ſoul.

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Thy love, thy truth, ſhall guide my way
Thro' the lone vale of mortal day.
In thy bleſs'd courts my tongue ſhall raiſe
The grateful hymn of ceaſeleſs praiſe.

PSALM CXXXVII.

WHERE Babel's ſtately current flows,
We ſat, abſorb'd in penſive grief,
When Sion's dear idea roſe;
And tears conferr'd their ſad relief.

Our harps, neglected and unſtrung,
Harps, vocal now alaſs! no more!
Each heedleſs hand on willows hung,
That fringe the river's winding ſhore.

Tho' the gay note, and ſprightly lay
To happier minds at eaſe belongs,
"Come," to our bards the victors ſay,
"Come, ſing us one of Sion's ſongs!"

How ſhall we ſing, by foes beſet,
Jehovah's ſong in this ſtrange land?
If, Sion! thee my ſoul forget,
May all it's ſkill deſert my hand!

My lips let moping Silence ſeal,
Let blank Oblivion ſeize my lyre,
If joy in aught, but thee, I feel;
If aught, but thou, my ſong inſpire!

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Remember, Lord! proud Edom's race,
In Judah's laſt and fatal day:
"Of Sion leave," they cried, "no trace;
"All, all her towers in ruin lay."

Ah! Babel's daughter! worn with care,
Expect thy ſad reverſe to ſee:
Thrice bleſs'd the man, who gives a ſhare
Of Sion's bitter cup to thee!

Thrice bleſs'd the man, whoſe ruthleſs ears
Heed not the ſtruggling mother's moans;
Who from the breaſt her infant tears,
And daſhes on the bleeding ſtones!

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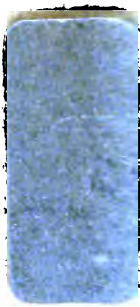

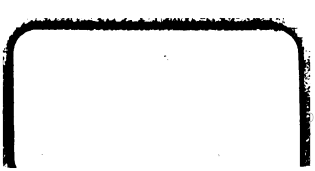

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